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THE VANITY
OF
HUMAN GRANDEUR

ETHEL RUSSELL



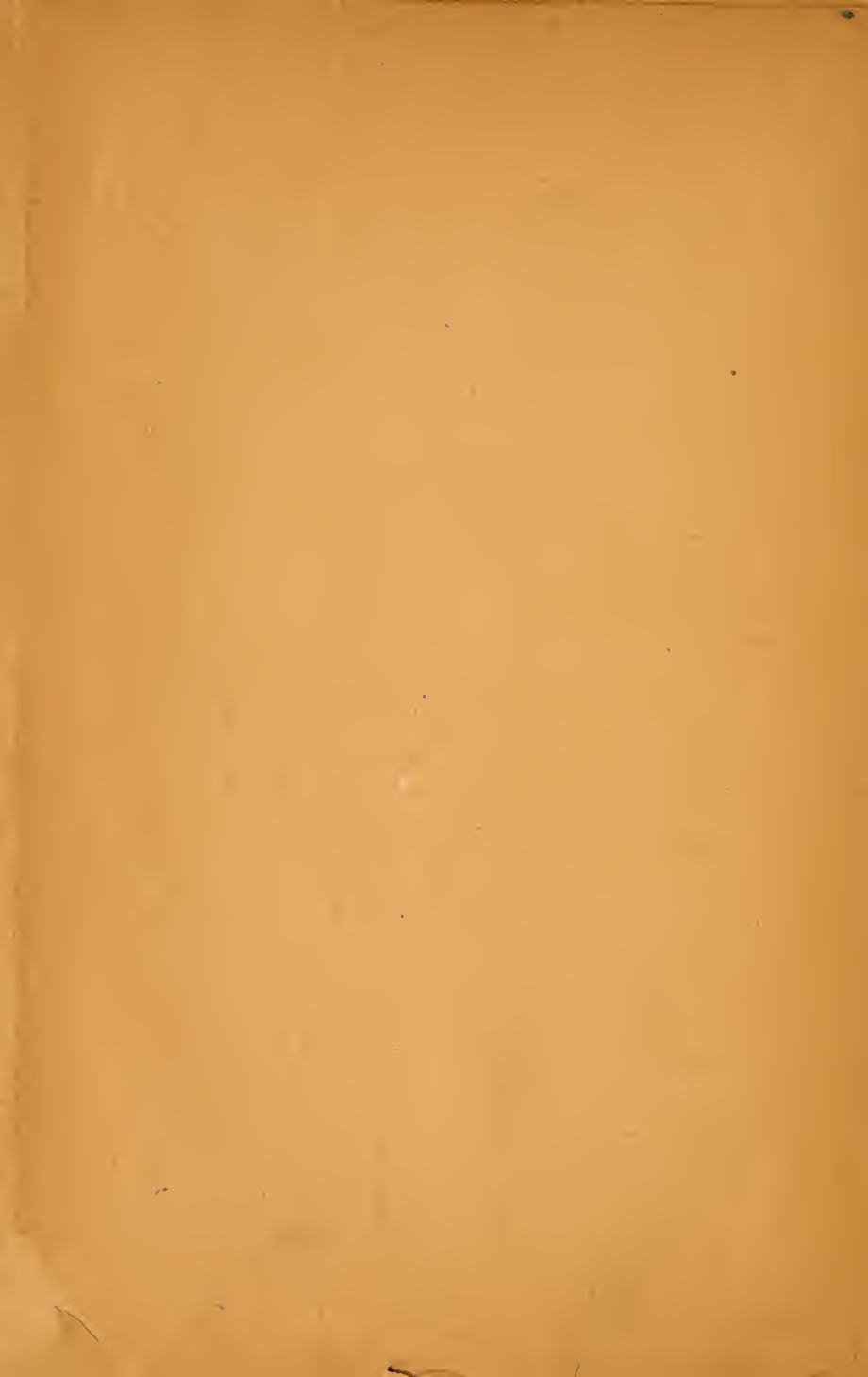
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HUMAN GRANDEUR

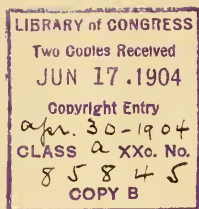
WITH SKETCHES OF AND TRIBUTES TO
THE MEMORY OF PROMINENT
PERSONS FROM EAST
TENNESSEE

BY ETHEL RUSSELL

1904
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BY

ETHEL RUSSELL

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TO ALL WHO HAVE KNOWN SORROW AND BEREAVEMENT
WHICH THE WORLD CANNOT CONSOLE,
THIS VOLUME
IS PRAYERFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

P R E F A C E

"Multum in parvo" has been my motto in the preparation of this volume, and its brevity, at least, will be admired by all who realize the value of time. In this short and busy life it is essential that the information which books contain shall be ready to hand and be presented in the clearest and briefest manner possible. The thoughts presented herein have been forged at the anvil of experience and carefully and patiently treasured during many long, weary days. We can not know a truth until we have felt it in our inmost life. We may *study* and *read* much, but *know* only what the heart feels.

This subject first presented itself to me during school-life, and after long and diligent study I prepared and delivered an oration on "The Vanity of Human Grandeur." From many lessons in life's school I have added notes to the oration until the accumulation will fill a volume. Many manuscripts have been made and preserved, but now discarded as non-essential, for it is easy to talk and write at length, but it requires thoughtful study to be brief. I reverence and acknowledge help and inspiration from many who now enjoy the full fruition of their labors in the higher society of seraphs and the ransomed in glory, where they are in the midst of the grandeur they tried to describe while here among mortals. My conscience does not accuse and condemn me of plagiarism, and I have endeavored to present unhackneyed phrases and request critics to be sparing of severe censure of the unscrupulous exposition of some neglected subjects until their prejudices may be removed by a continued study of the Bible and history.

It has been said that there is no eighth commandment in art. Observation teaches that the path of the author is, at its best, with but rare exceptions, spiked with thorns. Their work is often unappreciated and precarious. To the sensitive nature the balm of sympathy is often as necessary to the growth of the soul as the chimes of gold and silver are to temporal wants.

Expecting only discouragement from mortals, I have long hesitated to present this book to the world, knowing there are already too many superfluous books extant, but there is yet much to be said without delay, for it is *too late* when Charon comes to ferry the poor soul over the Stygian river, so freely I say some of them and risk the verdict of the *Just Judge* whom alone I call *Master*.

After consultation with Divine and invisible spirits and the highest authority, I courageously launch my humble barque, and guided by the Divine Pilot I expect to anchor safely on "The Beautiful Isie of Somewhere." May these tributes to our dead and the treatise on Death comfort us and bear us up above trouble, adversity and earthly temptations to the Heavenly heights. This work will have accomplished its mission if it succeeds in inspiring hope of Heavenly reunion, peace and happiness to the *disconsolate* of earth. Prostrate under the pangs of combined grief and remorse it is no consolation to read Homer or Dante in the original. Jesus wept, and pathetic tears, like the dews of heaven, revive the heart in the hour of anguish, but dry sorrow drinks the blood. The Divine Physician prescribes the only panacea for the wounds of the soul, and to Him I commend you.

INTRODUCTION

There is a legend which says that a lower peak said to the highest peak of the Alps mountains, "What do you see?" It replied, "I see nothing but fogs and mist." Centuries afterwards the lower peak said, "What do you see now?" The highest peak replied: "I see men walking on the earth and they are building cities." Centuries passed away and the lower peak asked, "What do you see now?" The highest peak said, "I see the great cities of Thebes, Babylon, Corinth and Rome." Centuries more passed away, and the lower peak again asked, "What do you see now?" The reply was, "I see that Thebes, Babylon, Corinth and Rome have perished; they have crumbled into dust; their inhabitants are dead; and their pomp, and riches, and grandeur have faded from the face of the earth."

All earthly riches and pleasures and splendors pass away. Only the soul is immortal. It lives forever. It is more valuable than all earthly things. Jesus said, "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Read history and you will be convinced of the vanity of human grandeur. I have not read all of this book in the manuscript, but hope to read it when printed. I may not agree with all its author says, but I ask for it a thoughtful reading. Each must read and accept or reject for himself. May both the book and its author have that success which comes from truth and faithfulness.

Very truly,

W. T. RODGERS.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN GRANDEUR

CHAPTER I.

This is a subject which might be embellished with the pomp of much description, yet I shall avoid exaggeration, and take my characters not all from the realms of romance, but shall present to you some real actors who have appeared upon the stage of life, for truth is stranger than fiction and possesses greater power to make us shudder when we contemplate it.

Marie Corelli says: "There is no need to invent fables now, — the fictionist need never torture his brain for stories either of adventure or spectral horror. Life itself, as it is lived among ourselves in all countries, is so amazing, swift, varied, wonderful, terrible, ghastly, beautiful, dreadful, and withal so wildly inconsistent and changeful, that whoever desires to write romances has only to closely and patiently observe men and women as they are — not as they seem, — and then take pen in hand and write the — Truth."

Romances and love stories usually end in the same way: "They married and lived happily ever afterward." Mental comrades, spiritual affinities and physical mates may be happy, for true love is of the soul. Love is pure and divine; it is not what the sensualist feels and the voluptuary does not know the meaning of the word.

Every effort is made in forming matrimonial alliances to reconcile matters relating to fortune, but very little attention is given to the congeniality of dispositions, or to the accordance of hearts.

They who marry for beauty, wealth and convenience, bind themselves for that which may neither last nor please one year.

William Penn said: "Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely."

There should be a union of souls, each should be a guardian-angel presiding over the life of the other, doubling their pleasures and dividing their cares.

Every impartial observer will admit that there is a three-fold vanity in human life: disappointment in pursuit, dissatisfaction in enjoyment, and uncertainty in possession. When we look around us on the world, we behold a busy multitude, employing every method which ingenuity can devise; some the patience of industry, some the boldness of enterprise, others the dexterity of strategem, in order to achieve their purpose.

Against the stream of events, both the worthy and the undeserving are obliged to struggle; and both are frequently over-borne alike by the current.

Where is the man who will declare that in every point he has completed his plan and attained his utmost wish? Some may be so fortunate as to attain what they have pursued, yet none are completely happy by what they have attained. "To human lips it is not given to taste the cup of pure joy." One void opens in the heart as another is filled. On wishes, wishes grow; and to the close of life it is rather the anticipation of what they have not than the enjoyment of what they have, which occupies and interests the most fortunate.

Alexander wanted to conquer the world by his greatness; he conquered it, and, inflated by his successes, he fancied himself a god, and after separating his soul and body by drunkenness or poison, he left this world to explore the shores of Eternity. He wasted life on every side for the

lust of conquest, and having disturbed the world, he left it in a disorder that led to a century of crimes and bloody revolutions.

Pleasure is often the near neighbor of pain: affluence, of poverty; victory may be the herald of defeat. The world alternately applauds and hisses. In the midst of the splendor of royalty many have found themselves traveling the road which leads through "the valley of the shadow of death."

Great has been the fall, deplorable has been the death, of some of the world's most renowned characters, who beheld only the terrestrial side of things and raised their views to no higher objects than the succession of human contingencies and the weak efforts of human ability.

What is known as the First Triumvirate rested on the genius of Cæsar, the wealth of Crassus and the achievements of Pompey, who boasted that three times he had triumphed, and each time for the conquest of a continent. Crassus went to the East, hoping to rival there the brilliant conquests of Cæsar in the West, but in the midst of the Mesopotamian desert he was slain and his head filled with melted gold that he might be sated with the metal he had so coveted during life. After the death of Crassus the world belonged to Cæsar and Pompey. The insatiable ambition of these two rivals terminated in the civil war, when Pompey was assassinated, and his head severed from his body and presented to Cæsar, who turned from the sight with generous tears.

Julius Cæsar was now virtually lord of the Roman world. He was great as a general, yet greater if possible as a statesman, and projected vast undertakings, but all his plans were abruptly ended by the daggers of assassination, drawn by his enemies and some of the lovers of the Republic, who thought he coveted the title of *king*.

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Vanity and love of dress is man's second nature. Fashion is the prop of vanity, and people fritter away their time in hollow pursuit. The ape in man has the upper hand, and novelty of fashion is endless. Love of dress in itself, perhaps, need not become a sin, but there is that connected with it which can not but tend to the soul's ruin. It takes the place of better things and hides the true objects of life. The devotees of fashion waste their time, and when they die, not only good works do not follow them, but wasted opportunities stand around their bier. Dying men and women with souls to be saved, and whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, before three worlds, indifferent to everything except the short-lived grandeur of earth, with the question of the soul's destiny submerged by the question of dress and dissipation.

Thousands of parents sacrifice their sons and daughters to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the formalities of society, and are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social life in America, the breath of the sepulchre floats up through the perfume, and the froth of Death's lip bubbles up in the champagne. Few realize how fruitful of pain, and perhaps of eternal woe, is the madness of dissipation and the rage of amusement. To illustrate this I call your attention to Cleopatra, who was called “The Serpent of the Nile.” Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony were completely fascinated by her dazzling beauty, enslaved by her enchantments, charmed by her brilliant wit, and in her company forgot ambition, honor and country. She sailed in a gilded barge, with oars of silver and sails of purple silk.

The time was spent in a round of banquets, games and revelries, and it is said that the queen, at the close of a banquet, in order to win a wager that she could consume \$500,000 at one meal, dissolved in a cup of vinegar a pearl of fabulous worth, and carelessly drank the costly fluid. After Antony committed suicide, and Augustus Cæsar became master of the civilized world, she then sought to enslave him with her charms, but failing in this, and learning that he proposed to take her to Rome as a captive, she applied a poisonous serpent to her arm and thus ended her eventful life.

Therefore we see that human grandeur ever tends to destroy itself by corrupting the heart. No worldly enjoyments are adequate to the high desires and powers of an immortal spirit.

Many are the sources of amusement on earth for the beguiling of dull time, among which are the dance, the theatre, the saloon, the gambling-hall and the fashionable watering-places. People want to live, yet they constantly try to pass away the time and forget that it is time which yields the fullness of existence — be it in sorrow or in joy — and at the end of time stands Death, with hour-glass and sickle waiting for the last grains to run out. Many persons use their eyes to peer about in the dust, and never direct them heavenward. They do not seem aware of the starry sky above the clods of earth, so Death comes to them as an unexpected guest who will take no denial though one never prepared for him. You, whose life is yet in your hands, delay not to turn to Him who will save you; for if Death surprise you on the road of despair with sins unforgiven, heaven and all its stars will fade away in the night that evermore must enwrap your soul.

Those who have a firm faith in the Gospel of Christ feel that this world, with all its grandeur, is but a probationary dwelling-place, and that Death is an angel of God, sum-

moning the laborers to their harvest-home. Death is a dark, solitary way, which leads to a starless midnight to those who do not believe.

Our condition is such that everything wavers and totters around us; for life never proceeds long in a uniform train, but is continually varied by unexpected events. Prosperity rises by slow degrees, but the progress of evil and misfortune is rapid, and it requires no preparation to produce it.

That good servant, but bad master, fire, can consume in a few moments the luxurious palace, which it cost much time and labor to erect.

The prospect of the termination of our pleasures and pursuits is sufficient to mark our state with vanity. We project great designs, entertain high hopes, never to be realized on earth.

A gentleman of honor, refinement and wealth was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished Christian lady. The wedding day was appointed and he had prepared a lovely home, never dreaming that there was another *Home* where she was also expected to enter, so how sad a change for him, from the highest joy to the deepest sorrow! She had taken seriously ill, and instead of the merry marriage bell there was heard the solemn funeral knell. There lay his idol in the marble arms of Death, wrapped in her last sleep; not the fitful sleep of disease, nor the refreshing slumber of health, but the still iciness of ruthless death.

He saw the casket borne from the hearse and heard the subdued voice of the minister as he read: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

He saw the shrouded form lowered into its final resting-place, and then realized that "in the midst of life we are in death."

He had been a skeptic, therefore he asked: "Are there no purer, higher enjoyments than earth can give, and if not, why were we created to love each other and then to be separated and go back to senseless dust?"

What lamp has philosophy hung in the sable chambers of the tomb?

He then became convinced that it requires more faith to receive the attempted solutions of philosophy than Revelation, and that we must be willing to be guided along unknown paths by other light than that of reason, if we would dwell in the Holy City where all mystery shall be explained.

Human nature shrinks appalled from death and all that accompanies it. In the silent cities of the dead, with their aisles of tombstones which mark the spot where lay the pale sleepers, the words, "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come," seem to issue from the marble lips of the statues.

In Heaven the brightest diadems will be worn by those who made this life the dressing-room of the soul and were instrumental in saving souls from the death that never dies.

CHAPTER II.

There is a picture of a procession of the men who have triumphed in life. They are led by Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, and the way is strewn with corpses, while the triumphants are applauded by a barbarous multitude who do not know what nor whom they praise and admire, except as one leads the other.

The masses, now as in the past, usually prefer scenes of horror or transient splendor to those that teach intrinsic knowledge of nobler living. Before and since the time when five thousand wild animals were slain during the one hundred days' gladiatorial combats in the Collosseum in Rome, people have delighted in that which is not elevating and profitable, and *thus* becoming acquainted with crime and seeing it so often it loses its hideousness.

Absorbing scenes and descriptions of woe and horror act as powerful depressants upon the mind and nerves, causing slumber to the undying worm of conscience. Some may think the theatre and the ballroom good places for worldly pleasures, where they may drown the cares of life for an evening, and they argue that it is harmless to thus beguile dull time, yet not many desire to go thence into the presence of God.

In the storm, cyclone, and all catastrophes and calamities, as well as in the dispensations of His providence, God is warning us. In the loudest thunders of heaven, the Lord has said: "Therefore I say unto you, watch; for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." Few, if any, of the thousands who have perished while seeking worldly amusements had an idea of being hurled into

eternity. With no thought of death and the future, in the midst of merriment and dissipation, many have been taken from the scenes of earth to the Judgment-bar of God.

"The heart rejoices not when the shadows of death press upon it; the face smiles not when the eye beholds the image of coming woe, and the ear hears the dread sounds of approaching doom."

There is much to teach us that if we neglect God's warning and reproof we shall certainly perish, and perhaps like many others — as quick as a flash of lightning. We must arouse from lethargy and improve our opportunities to rescue the perishing and comfort the dying, lest a sudden night descends upon the earth, when it is too late to appeal to God for mercy.

Beware of the vision of Dante: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." If something more sensational is required by all who reject the Saviour, they may receive a pass and ticket to the theatre of the *nether* world, which has the advantage of earth's theatres because all the pieces given are scenes of actual life and the actors present again on that stage the evil deeds of their earthly life.

All who have not a paid-up policy, or have gained the luxuries of life questionably, should fear lest their life policy expire before all the premiums are sent to the National Bank of Heaven.

A financier has for sale real estate he values at \$5,000, and for which the assessor, disguised as a farmer, offers him \$4,500, which he refuses. The next day the same man returns to assess the taxes, when the price estimated by the owner suddenly dropped to \$2,000.

A private servant, whose wages are \$1.00 a week, sends or takes, without permission from her employer, a portion of the table luxuries home to her sick mother and brother. When her offense is discovered she suffers the penalty, and

other families are warned never to trust her, and she is discarded by all her honest friends.

A county officer, whose salary is \$100 a month, appropriates the public funds to selfish use, therewith paying his railroad fare, his carriage hire, and buying his cigars and opera tickets. This is a well-known fact to all his special friends, who never betray him because he is popular in society and has higher political aspirations. It is a popular inclination, encouraged by many in authority, to excuse transgressions in proportion as they are great.

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
Much more to steal a greater thing."

A hungry child takes a loaf of bread or a basket of grapes from the market-house and receives severe punishment. Many cold and hungry children would never be tempted to steal if the men behind the vote would condemn the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Instead of the liquor dealer being required to pay tribute, he should be compelled to abandon his trade. To gain your consent to be directly or indirectly turned into a corpse by alcohol, he promises to preserve your body indefinitely, but not infinitely.

"The cup that sparkles with brilliant hues, which captivates the eye, and whose hidden power fires the veins with fever and life, has a dreg that is the poison of death. He who drinks for pleasure will drink again for passion; he who drinks for passion will drink again for madness; he who drinks for madness will drink again for death and hell."

Troubles can swim, so do not try to drown them in liquor! Wonted melancholy returns when stimulating excitement passes away. The life of the inebriate and gambler is a hard one, but the death is still harder.

DON'T SEND MY BOY WHERE YOUR GIRL
CAN'T GO.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
And say: "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow."
It is no more right for my boy to be low
Than your girl. Then please do not tell him so.
'This world's old lie is a boy's worst foe;
'To hell or the kingdom they each must go.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go;
For a boy or a girl, sin is sin, you know;
And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart is as pure as your girl's tonight.
What sends the soul of a girl to hell
Will send the soul of my boy as well. — *Scl.*

St. Philip Neri says: "One God alone, if He is against me, who will save me? One soul alone, if I lose it what will become of me? One more sin might be my last; if it were I should be lost."

The daily press and monthly magazines print advertisements of wine and whiskey because men engaged in this traffic pay them liberally for attractive cards.

Satan chuckles over the reformer's efforts and the shrieks of the orphans and widows over the lost.

CHAPTER III.

Why do we find so little comfort in the living present and invest the past with a glittering garb, or picture the future as an El Dorado? Is this indifference to the present a part of the beneficent scheme of nature to make life endurable?

In a picture representing youth and age, a boy stands erect in a boat and looks hopefully and happily away over the expanse of sunlit waters, while an aged man gazes mournfully upon the shore from which the vessel has lately sailed. This is simple and pathetic, but expresses it all. The world is before the one and behind the other.

We too often cultivate and teach the habit of saying unpleasant truths, and if we were presented with a record of our utterances on many subjects, the humiliation might cause remorse. We should judge others leniently, remembering that our own faults are probably far greater. When tempted to make injurious remarks on the failings of others, we should remember these words: "Consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted." We all have our infirmities — let us bear with each other.

IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
 See the good and bad within,
 Often we should love the sinner,
 All the while we loathe the sin;
 Could we know the powers working
 To o'erthrow integrity,
 We should judge each other's errors
 With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
 Knew the efforts all in vain,
 And the bitter disappointment —
 Understood the loss and gain —
 Would the grim, external roughness
 Seem, I wonder, just the same?
 Should we help, where now we hinder?
 Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
 Knowing not life's hidden force;
 Knowing not the fount of action
 Is less turbid at its source.
 Seeing not amid the evil
 All the golden grains of good —
 Oh! we'd love each other better
 If we only understood.

— *Bessie W. Smith.*

A. Lincoln said: "God must like common people, or he would not have made so many of them. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, and I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to perceive them in advance."

IS IT ALL IN VAIN?

No recompense comes to my labors,
 Though plead I or patiently wait;
 The barriers are high and unyielding
 That bar me my rightful estate.

No songs for the victor e'er greet me,
 No tribute is laid at my feet,
 Today and the desolate morrow
 Conspire to delude and to cheat.

The waves that bore other ships homeward
 Took mine to a harborless shore;
 The wind that sped safe their full cargoes
 Only scattered my limited store.

Alone through the wilds of the forest
 I blazed out a trail with my skill;
 It served as an open pathway
 Where others all passed at their will.

Down deep went my plow in the furrows,
 At dawn and at noon and at dusk;
 When I reached out my scarred hands to gather,
 There was nothing but empty husks.

The stars that keep watch o'er my fellows,
 And brighten the gloom of their night,
 Seem set in their courses against me;
 And dare I the heavens to fight?

Yet somehow my heart doth assure me
 That back of the gloom and the frown
 My Father's kind face is uplifted,
 His strong hand is holding my crown.

Not vain are my toils and my trials
 Nor useless my bitter defeats,
 If only they drive me to Jesus
 And leave me in dust at His feet.

— *Mrs. Dora Kirkpatrick.*

Every Christian is a child of the King — a crown prince. No one is poor who is "rich toward God." He has a reversionary estate that fadeth not away. Except where estates are left as testamentary trusts they revert to the commonwealth, therefore a dead man does not own anything. "The millionaire of today may be a pauper tomorrow. The pauper

of time may be the Cræsus of eternity. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, the dying Christian takes wings and flies to riches."

Fortunes are lost as well as won in speculation, but *not all* fortunes are won or lost in that way. Many who have the capacity to make money lack the capacity to keep it. A man once possessed \$19,000,000, then died in debt. Another lived in a poor house, five feet wide, and left \$30,000,000. He lived without the capacity to enjoy his riches, and there are few more pitiful creatures than the miser who worships gold and silver idols.

THE MISER.

He said to himself: "I would fain be rich,
 No squandering spendthrift I;
 With might and main the gold I'll gain,
 To spend in the by and by.
 I'll grasp and gather and pinch and save,
 Nor answer the fools who jeer,
 But my hungry till their coin shall fill,
 To pay for each mocking sneer."

And so, as the years rolled swiftly by,
 A mountain of gold he piled,
 Whose shadow fell on his lonely cell,
 Where never a loved one smiled.
 He meant to barter his wealth for joys
 To brighten his journey's end,
 But it grew a part of his very heart
 That he could not bear to spend.

He died, and all of his schemes and plans
 The mould of the churchyard hid,
 With ne'er a tear on his friendless bier,
 Nor flower on his coffin lid;
 He left his gold for a spendthrift fool
 To scatter to earth and sky,
 And the grasses wave on his lonely grave,
 Neglected and rank and high.

There are beautiful lands that he might have seen,
There are joys that he might have known,
There are cries to heed, there are mouths to feed,
There is seed he should have sown.
And grateful blessings from thankful lips,
And love of a child and wife,
All these he sold for a bag of gold —
And his was a wasted life.

— *Joc Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.*

CHAPTER IV.

Here is a sketch of a daughter of rich parents who were recognized leaders of the most fashionable and exclusive society of the beautiful city where they reside.

She was cradled in luxury, with all her childish fancies gratified, and no expense was spared in her education, for she was trained to become a social autocrat. Her cultivated genius made her proficient in music and dancing and she graduated at the head of her class in a female college.

She made her *debut* surrounded by admirers, for she was a beauty and lacked not personal magnetism, and this was one of the most successful social gatherings ever assembled here.

Her aspirations for power, fame and riches (her father possessed \$1,500,000) knew no bounds. She was in *demand* both in her own and other cities, and her absence was the occasion of disappointment and many heartaches at entertainments. She possessed a subtler sense, which she had no leisure to cultivate, and her intrinsic powers of soul lay dormant.

The law regarding the disuse or misuse of the physical, mental and æsthetic faculties, is relentless. Use is life, but abuse or neglect is atrophy and death. They who neglect their finer spiritual sentiments sin against their better selves, and wound peace and happiness. It was with her as with all the children of genius, neglect of faculty is swiftly followed by ruin and loss.

Her waking hours were at a premium, and her leisure must be devoted to music practice and preparation for the next social event. The daily papers, the popular novels and

magazines required so much of her time that when she became too weary for their perusal, her maid relieved her by continuing the reading while she reclined on a luxurious couch endeavoring to recuperate her overtaxed nerves and strength.

Year after year continued her social triumphs, and the fruits and flowers which were beautiful in anticipation were in reality apples of Sodom, ashes and bitterness to the lips, and the fragrance of the flowers became a compound of bitter-sweet, poppy, aconite and nux vomica.

Enervated physically and mentally and always more unhappy than contented with all she has tasted, yet the thirst is unquenchable and the water like that of Marah, — beautiful, but bitter.

One Sunday night, in a dream or vision, she reviewed the troops enlisted in fashionable society's bloodless warfare; and they all marched gracefully, but were arrayed *not* in the conventional evening uniforms, but in sorrow's weeds, and they kept time to Beethoven's funeral march.

She awoke to remorse and penance, and resolved to renounce society once for all. Her relatives and friends were shocked when they read the announcement heading their favorite column that their idolized leader " forever renounces worldly amusements and resolves to atone for a wasted life." She was now only twenty-four, and her future looked as inviting as it did six years before when she entered society, their favorite then, as now.

Most pathetic is the tragedy of the atrophy of the soul, — the death from starvation of the finer feelings.

A reaction occurred which her remarkable will power and medical skill were powerless to check, and alas! for her, the end was in sight; she imagined she could hear the plashing of the oars of the boatman coming to row her over the tide.

The pathos of her face was heart-rending. She had all the symptoms of melancholia and brain fever, and her dearest friends were prostrated with grief, for her mind was chaos. At irregular intervals she seemed to realize everything when her associates and sympathizers would attempt to console her, but this only intensified her mental anguish, and only regrets for herself and piteous, soulful warnings to others were uttered. Her descriptions of visions caused the once gay and haughty to weep and sob piteously. All the *elite* of the city and many *others* visited this home of sorrow, for sympathy makes the world akin. Mirth gave place to sorrow that refused to be comforted, and hopes were crushed by disappointment, and their dreams of grandeur vanished, for the icy chill of death shook her feeble frame and she yielded her mortal breath.

During her brief illness, for she survived only three days of this indescribable anguish, all of her acquaintances who had an opportunity called to see her, and many of the scenes beggar description.

The interesting details of the experience of this popular society leader would fill a volume. Those who are familiar with the life and death of the worldling may exercise their imagination.

HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

Ah! woe for the word that is never said
 Till the ear is deaf to hear,
 And woe for the lack to the fainting head
 Of the ringing shout of cheer.
 Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
 In the mournful wake of the bier.

For baffling most in this dreary world,
 With its tangles great and small,
 Its lonesome nights and its weary days,
 And its struggles forlorn with fate,

Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

We blindly refuse to study and heed the dearly bought experience of others, but await our own, which come *too late* for personal profit. *Too late* are the saddest words in our language, but we have no faith to believe this until it is *too late*.

There are *pretentious* people who are so ignorant of their responsibilities that they unconsciously present, as *success* models to the young, men who have cultivated the grasping, over-reaching instincts which over-shadow all the finer qualities of the physical, intellectual and spiritual nature.

Man, being the most complex creature in the universe, will become atrophied if all his higher natural and spiritual qualities are undeveloped and unused. Specialists and *mere* money-getters are the most pitiful failures when the dormant faculties of body and soul become atrophied. We must instil into the minds of the young that all labor is noble and holy that develops the higher attributes of their being and broadens their sympathies.

CHAPTER V.

Shakespeare said: "Nothing can we call our own, but death, and that small model of the barren earth, which serves as paste and cover to our bones." The summons of the death angel is always imperative, and the rich and poor must obey the call.

"To purchase Heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?"

That was an impressive scene in 1893, when two hundred millionaires assembled in his brownstone mansion on Fifth Avenue to view the remains and witness the funeral of Jay Gould. The casket was in a large front room, under an immense mirror, surrounded by white roses and floral designs. The psalms and hymns and funeral service may have impressed these living men of wealth with the truth that money will not delay death's messenger nor purchase heavenly treasures. The dead man had accumulated \$100,000,000, and had not stopped gathering until he died, nor will they till they follow him. The contrasting scenes of the house and streets were wonderful. The funeral was semi-public, and soon the streets were thronged with an irreverent crowd, who ridiculed the black streamer on the door, forgetting that the time would soon come for death to cast them out of the world. When will mortals learn humanity from the affliction of their brethren, or wisdom from their own transient and fugitive life?

The skeptic, attempting to be wise beyond what is permitted to man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable. Humble love, and not proud reason, keeps the door of Heaven, and love is admitted where proud science often

fails. We know but little of the conditions of the future existence, but love must last, for the Eternal God is Love. Love is the coin which will be current in the universe when all the other coinages of all the nations of the world shall be useless and unhonored. Therefore let us seek this precious treasure first, then other things of less value may be added.

It has been proven and we know that religion is the basis of civil society and the source of all good and of all comfort. Faith and hope live in death itself, for the children of God can say, "While I expire I hope." The Christian religion offers a glorious Savior to all men, and Heaven to the saved soul.

Strong men declared that nothing had ever appealed to them so strongly before for Christian religion as the utter desolation and hopelessness of his family when Robert G. Ingersoll, an agnostic, lay cold and silent in death. He had been a popular orator, and acquired fame chiefly through his writings and lecture attacks upon the Christian religion, therefore he left a heritage of unfaith to the family he loved. They had no hope for future union, and the dreariness and loneliness prostrated them and they reluctantly surrendered to the incinerating urn the one tangible thing between them and the eternity of separation. The only funeral services consisted of reading from Col. Ingersoll's writings. It was all secular and brief—not a soothing, consoling note of music, not a prayer for sympathy, or help or mercy.

Amid the gigantic forces of the world's evil, love will endure and triumph, because "God is love." Love will overcome all the forces of infidelity arrayed against it in spite of Paine's "Age of Reason," or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History," because love is the foundation of both human and divine laws.

Milton says: "God made thee perfect, not immutable;

and good he made thee, but to persevere he left it in thy power; ordained thy will by nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate Inextricable, or strict necessity."

"Our voluntary service He requires, not our necessitated." Volunteers are welcome to help conquer the world for Jesus, and to join the crusades lest more laboring men are beguiled by their greatest enemy, anarchism or nihilism. It has been denied that the death of President McKinley was ordained of God, but was the wickedness of nihilism. The assassin came upon him Judas-like and shot him, after betraying him with the grasp of the hand. The president, wounded unto death, asked that his murderer be protected and spared to await the verdict of the courts. This was a grand triumph of law and a good blow to *mobism*, for lynching is a dangerous species of anarchy which should be driven from the land by the strict enforcement of the law. Nihilism would divide the land and give as much to the idler as to the worker, and assassinate every king, president and officer of the law on earth. May the constituted authorities crush this venomous reptile wherever it lifts its head — before its power is fully tested.

The imperishable riches of the mind and soul are offered, yet their possession is forced upon none. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." If any perish of thirst, it is only because they refused the water of life. God leads none to the edge of the abyss of destruction and there hurls them off.

Unbelief says: "I can not understand the mysteries of resurrection." Can we understand the transformation that makes the beautiful butterfly rise from the tomb of the worm?

In I. Cor., 15, Christ's resurrection is made the pledge of ours, and His tomb was in a garden, where nature's cycle, from life to death, and from death to life, teaches that death

does not end all. He rose amid hundreds of lesser but similar resurrections. The favorite resurrection flower, the lily, rises in purity and beauty from the ugly buried bulb.

Those who do not study "Vol. I," the Bible, fail to find the real beauties in nature, which is "Vol. II" in God's revelation. Nature's analogies confirm the promise of renewed life after death which is proclaimed by the Bible.

Our spiritual resurrection must begin here and without delay if we would be transformed into a heavenly character.

"To change life's cloth, not trim it for display,
Christ gave His charter,
All men can be religious when they pray,
But few at *barter*;
Better be self-denying every day,
Than once a martyr."

We too easily or quickly forget spiritual things and make only an imperfect endeavor to comprehend them. We seek the dead "historic Christ," rather than the living, loving, sympathetic Christ.

Christ left for our heritage an ideal life and the principle of universal brotherhood. Alas! for all who do not love one another, for love is of God. The highest love must imitate the self-surrender of the Good Shepherd who gave himself for his sheep, and came not to be ministered unto but to minister. It allows enmity to none, though *much* causes grief and disapprobation. Love, sympathy and helpfulness is the perfection of human life. Christ loves the soul regardless of the rags of the beggar or the silks, furs and jewels of the rich. He teaches the law of social sympathy and service, and was the greatest social reformer, because He dwelt among the poor and went about doing good. The poor have furnished some of the world's best and greatest leaders, and the common people supply the food and

clothes of the world, yet they are not satisfied with ordinary duties and spheres of work.

Each individual and profession is dependent upon others, and the farmer, who is the most independent of any, often envies his professional brother in the city his *easy* life. Success is the result of the best mental and physical efforts combined, therefore we who have only ordinary equipment and opportunity must be thankful for what we have and usefully employ them. With nearly all people this life is necessarily one of toil and struggle. They who perform manual labor have little sympathy for brain workers, while the one envies the other his calling.

Everything seems to go wrong with some men who toil and suffer, yet fail in the eyes of humanity. There are those who lost all on earth and were cheated out of all but their coffin and the spot where they lie buried, who now share the riches of Heaven.

There are others — Fortune's favorites — who turn everything to their advantage, and are so absorbed in their successes that they neglect the one great treasure — their eternal soul. Kingsley says: "Man, in his pride and self-sufficiency, despises humiliation and penance, and the broken and the contrite heart."

Nothing but the redeeming power of the blood of Jesus can atone for our sins.

Many of us are so selfish and our sins of commission and omission so great that we must do penance all our lives. As our punishment, the stings of conscience never cease to torment until death comes as the comforter of all whom time can not console.

Many of us do wrong unintentionally, and passion often forces the tongue to utter what after reflection condemns. Reflection may be made at leisure over sins committed in haste. We may confess, repent and be forgiven, — yet re-

penitance is not ended — the penitential tears continue to flow, for remorse is the torturer of the brave and penitent soul. Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment, and *some* men they follow after. I. Tim., 5:24. Therefore we know sin is punished here or hereafter, but remorse and the penalty inflicted or suffered here can not be compared with eternal misery and despair.

Sin separates from God. Jesus became sin for us in order that we might never experience eternal separation from God. He suffered death on the cross and paid the penalty once for all for the world's sins. Those who receive the Lord Jesus as Saviour, who by faith accept the fact of atonement for sin as the only way of salvation, will be admitted into the blessed presence of God and given a home in Heaven.

" Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides."

Intense excitement or anger withers the physical energies like fire, and the various forms of fashionable dissipation cause more physical and mental fatigue than useful labor, for work produces refreshing slumber. Those who take life quietly retain their physical beauty and vigor longer. Buoyancy of spirit comes from well-spent years.

Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor, was the founder of the most hideous cruelty devised by man, yet these were not more excruciating than the stings of remorse for a misspent life. Society makes demands of her devotees that involve some in bankruptcy and change the current of others' lives from humility and sacred reverence to pride and selfishness. This spirit has invaded the churches until the choir and leading members must appear in purple and fine linen every Sabbath. Society girls dare not appear in church on Easter Sunday without the conventional costume, so if one is absent it is inferred that her dressmaker or milliner failed to finish

the new dress or hat Saturday night. I may fail to attend a wedding or place of amusement because it is humiliating to my pride to be scorned for my simple apparel, but such an excuse for absence from divine services shall never be charged to my account. I confess that it is embarrassing from a worldly view, and from experience I sympathize with all who dare feed their souls during these ordeals. If slighted by those present living — our souls may commune with redeemed spirits who never utterly forsake the persecuted.

The poverty of the poor is increased by an attempt to follow rich leaders, and anything is imitated quicker than refinement of soul or intellectual culture — because these are seldom appreciated or understood.

People who should know better have been guilty of snobbery in its worst form. All society people who regard the transient fashions above imperishable riches are snobs, "who hope to make you think they are unconscious of your existence, and all the time are endeavoring to dazzle or stun you by their appearance."

All college graduates with only superficial knowledge of books and humanity are snobs, who are *sometimes afterwards* transformed by difficult lessons thoroughly comprehended, and severe discipline in life's school, into beautiful butterflies, yet oftener they remain in the chrysalis state. We easily recognize the external appearance or occupation, but it requires the skillful art of acute imagination to discover beauties of soul. The snob neglects the study of psychology, but they who possess the elements of universal brotherhood will never scorn anyone for misfortunes.

The *elite* must remember that it is a parody on *success* to regard as successes those who eclipse all others in the financial and social galaxy, — if the *soul* is ignorant of the *etiquette* of Heavenly society.

The really enlightened see no honor in ambition which collects wealth that can not be used by its possessor, while the lack of it by those from whom it was taken deprives them of life's comforts or necessities. Culture is a park, free to all who can appreciate its beauties, and not an isolated pleasure garden, exclusively for the arrogant.

It is not what the rich give, but what they share in hospitality with their humbler cousins that deserves true recognition and praise. "The difference between pride and vanity is that we have the one and other people have the other."

Many of us are self-appointed judges, and we who have the greatest faults ourselves are the most merciless critics. We desire to know all the faults of others, and are most unscrupulous in seeking to know the unknowable. A gossip knows all the evil that occurs, and much that never occurs; and the whisperers are unwelcome messengers who deliver the news and comments of local gossips. Let listeners become deaf to these peddlers and they will become discouraged in the free distribution of their wares.

"Slander meets no regard from noble minds;
Only the base believe what the base only utter."

CHAPTER VI.

The vanity of the curious was displayed in New York City recently when Miss May Goelet, one of the richest American heiresses, married. The excitement and disorder before and during the ceremony was unparalleled at any previous great wedding in New York. A force of two hundred policemen was powerless to check the ten thousand people eager to see the bride, and four hours after the ceremony Fifth Avenue was still crowded with women seeking souvenirs from the church decorations.

At a grand wedding this year the bride wore a dress that made even New York stare at its beauty and novelty, for it is literally all colors. The result of the five month's work spent upon it is too exquisite for description. The material is the finest quality of chiffon, embroidered in floral designs of natural sizes in all the delicate and beautiful colors. The petals are of chiffon and the embroidery is done in silk and chenille, and the flowers seem to float from a cloud, the edge of which is a foam of the finest lace. We all should admire beauty, but let us *not* covet these rich costumes of the butterflies of fashion, for the fashion of this world passes away. For those who spend their time on earth in purchase of its worth and are content with simple clothing, white robes have been prepared. Rev., 6: 11.

Any one with \$10,000,000 can storm the citadels of New York society and reach their goal—Fifth Avenue. When an abode is gained there at immense cost the next step is to spend as much time as possible away from Fifth Avenue, at the fashionable resorts or in foreign travel.

Society leaders wield a power in the world unequaled by any for evil or good, and alas! if the power is evil. What of

those who believe the only true success means fame or riches, the owner of a palace, a yacht, a private Pullman car, or ability to buy one's wife the finest jewels on the market, or one's daughter an English duke, or some foreign title?

Financiers and speculators will have dividends at the hazard of conscientious principles. They try to appease their conscience by benevolent donations, while their vanity is fed by flatterers who praise their financial ability and liberality. Many are arrant hypocrites who deceive the people — by being humane and public-spirited — into the belief that it is not the money for which they care; while others prefer riches alone regardless of flatterers. Selfishness lurks in all our thoughts, pleasures entice us, temptations master us, and pride rules our wills.

Dogmatic selfishness among the different churches must be eradicated if the best results are desired, and if the indifferent and unbelieving are influenced to realize their duty to themselves.

I am distinctly *not* a materialist, nor am I a medium of spiritualism, yet I understand *spiritism* to that degree that I feel at home in any church where man is proclaimed as a sinner and Christ as a deliverer from sin and sorrow. I have a preference, — yet I like all the evangelical denominations, from the solemn ceremonies of the Episcopal to the simplicity of the Baptist. I could afford to live and die and be buried from any one of them, for I have friends among the redeemed who pursued their pilgrimage to Heaven over *different roads* leading into the essential thoroughfare — consecration and faith. If the Bible is taken for their guide, the differences in both political and religious creeds are trivial.

A blast from *The Ram's Horn* says: "Some forms of Bible study are attempts to satisfy soul hunger by eating the dishes instead of the dinner."

Two orphan girls of equal attributes of mind and soul sought employment with a rich uncle in a progressive little city. Rebekah, as the name signifies, was admired for her enchanting beauty, and was given a place in the store, which she filled with politeness and dignity. Beatrice possessed a remarkable power of making others happy, disobliging herself to oblige others. Being of the popular ages, eighteen and twenty, they, with their relatives, were the recipients of honor in both church and social circles.

Beatrice was kind and condescending, so her aunt gradually imposed more duties upon her as time rolled on. Selfish and jealous lest she should eclipse her own daughters in society, but with the plea that her cooking was superior to theirs, she was requested to remain at home and prepare dinner while all except her uncle went to church. "Our hired girl" was the name often used in speaking of her. Cold indifference increased to scorn among the proud and thoughtless young people, which was humiliating to her refined, sensitive nature. She endured the ordeal, taking all her troubles to the Friend of Martha, who gave Divine sympathy and alleviation.

Rebekah, having in the eyes of the world the elevating and popular position, continued to be a favorite in society, but this was not all. Instead of being quiet and sober-minded, she was frivolous to excess during her leisure, and spent as little time as possible with her humble sister. Nothing occurred to humiliate her, and she is now an ornament to society, while her sister in obscurity makes her relatives an excellent servant and is beloved by the poor, who appreciate her kindness. The poor, ragged beggars all know her, and she never refuses the hungry ones who frequent her kitchen door. "The grief that does not speak, whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break." She gives

sorrow words, for the Man of Sorrows comforts her, for she goes to Him in prayer for even her enemies.

The most genuine and enduring worldly pleasure consists in promoting the pleasure of others, and trust in Jesus frees the soul from future anxiety.

Much more might be said of these sisters, but we shall leave the rest for the imagination of the reader.

A celebrated Frenchman said: "Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things with an extraordinary spirit." Our aim should be to ennoble our duties or profession, instead of depending upon some prominent or popular position to which we aspire or now possess to ennoble us. To become an expert in the art of cooking and house-cleaning requires as much skill as that of some of the more profitable and popular occupations. The hired girl who is thoroughly prepared to serve in the kitchen and parlor deserves as much honor as the hired girl who serves in the store or school room. The private servant in the home with an average grade of 90 is the peer of the public servant of the school, office or store whose average grade is 90. The noble women who prepare the food and clothing of the world and patiently endure sorrows and cares in obscurity will be recognized in Heaven as the millionaires and political leaders are on earth. The girl who can manipulate the scissors and needle in useful and artistic work, and knows the chemistry of food and can mix the ingredients for a dinner that will tempt a sick man's appetite, should be universally regarded as the superior of her who is only familiar with the studies which occupy the leisure part of life, and is a monopolizer because she is up to date on the formalities of society's mystic realm.

Until dignified women regard their worthy home assistants as they do their husband's assistants in the office or store, they must serve themselves or employ unsatisfactory

help. Many poor girls could be elevated to lives of usefulness if Christians regarded the teachings of Christ and would *ignore* the decrees of *high* society.

While the home helper is scorned by the professed followers of Christ as well as the unsympathetic world, girls have no courage to seek work except in the big department stores, where all their wages are required for dress.

Those noble girls who dare sacrifice their worldly ambition because they regard the Lord's promises of more value than the decrees of man, may pass through life unrecognized, but the smallest deeds of love and service will be credited to their account and made known on the Judgment Day.

Christ, who knows all about toil and persecution, sympathizes with the girl who works until her strength is exhausted and receives one dollar, with a severe reproof for some insignificant mistake, as the only reward for a week's labor. Let us seriously consider this subject and decide whether it is pride, selfishness or thoughtlessness that causes people to scorn and evade the unpretentious who do the useful work of the world.

A girl wrote to Dr. Talmage to know what he considered the most important word in his vocabulary, and he replied: "Helpfulness"; and said to a friend that he wished she had asked for two words and he would have added "sympathy."

Physical labor eases the pains of the mind, hence the industrious poor are happier than they who have more money and time than they know how to use.

"Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us;
Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work — thou shalt ride over care's coming billow."

"He that provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his own household, is worse than an infidel." God

does not want us to prefer the log cabin to the commodious residence, and only the coarse, repulsive or indigestible to delicious, tempting, appetizing, nourishing food.

There is nothing in the Bible or any *good* book or paper against refinement of life and mental culture, and the products of the world were intended for man's benefit, and due attention must be given to our physical needs, for the mind and soul can not produce the highest results when the body is in a languid state.

“ Don't wait until tomorrow
 To twine wreaths around my brow;
 If flowers are to cheer me,
 Let me know their beauties now!
 Don't wait until tomorrow,
 Or ask the Why or How;
 Don't wait until I'm coffined,
 But bestow your roses now.”

“ When the pang, the strife is past,
 When my spirit mounts on high,
 Catch me up in Thine embrace,
 In Thy bosom let me lie!
 Freed from sin and freed from death,
 Hid with Thee, in heaven above,
 Oversplendor me, O God,
 With the glory of Thy love.”

CHAPTER VII.

Presidential candidates are misrepresented and abused, like all other conspicuous people, while the newspapers of the opposite political persuasion contain abusive cartoons and articles that become an ordeal to their meekness and Christianity. The presidential office is one of manifold cares and duties, and all he says or does must be most carefully considered, or the meaning is liable to be perverted or the object misrepresented. While the honor is great, it is not to be coveted or envied, for the responsibility is equally great.

When Lafayette visited the United States in 1824, although his friend Washington was dead, all the other presidents were living. "What to do with our ex-presidents" might have been *then* a question, but for many years our presidents have not, as a rule, long survived their term of service. Mr. Cleveland is the only living ex-president. The strain of their office is great, and appears to be increasing with the years. Ex-Governor Taylor said in an address to the people in 1898: "Twenty years of anxiety and nervous strain and the perils and sweat of political campaigning and official agony will have been rounded up with the close of my present term of office, and I will be ready to gladly surrender all my hopes of further promotion to others who are more ambitious and who find delight in giving and receiving blows. I have concluded that twenty years of such a life is enough for any one man of my temperament. I retire from politics because I am tired of its harrowing antagonisms. I am tired of it because as I grow older I find myself less and less able to bear the stings of criticism and the stabs of slander. If I had an office to give to every friend who asks,

and a pardon for the son of every old weeping mother, and the husband of every sobbing wife; if I had money to put in all the bony hands of poverty daily extended to me for help; if I had power to protect the weak against the strong; if I could give happiness to all the people and sorrow to none, I would be contented to remain in the field of politics. I have had my ambitions and have earnestly sought to reach high position in order that I might be able to benefit my fellow men. I have succeeded, but the realization was like the rainbow or elusive phantom, ever in sight, never in reach, resting ever on the horizon of hope, and I have discovered that he who climbs to the summit of political prominence will look down with longing eyes upon the humbler plane of life below and wish his feet had never wandered from its warmer sunshine and sweeter flowers."

The responsibilities of rulers and those in high places are seldom realized by those who do *not* occupy them. It is recorded that a king of Poland abdicated his throne and became a porter. When asked why he did so strange a thing, he replied: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, the load which I cast off was by far heavier than the one you see me carry. The weightiest is but a straw when compared to that weight under which I labored. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live and to be a king myself. Elect whom you choose. As for me, I am so well it would be madness to return to court."

We have the dying testimony of many whose minds were absorbed by wealth, that cares and fears increased with their treasures. In youth they promise themselves peace and sweet repose for age, but arriving there the anxiety and fear of financial disaster distracts their expected ease, and keeping their fortune causes more trouble than the work of acquiring it. He who possesses a fortune and loses it never bears his loss philosophically. Two men make a balloon

ascension. One falls upon a bed of rock, and *wails*, "This is a hard world." The other falls upon a bed of down, and *exclaims*, "This is sweet repose!" The environments of the prosperous keep them aloof and indifferent to the distressed.

Sobbing and shivering with cold, Ethel Merwin, daughter of A. B. Wilson, the millionaire sewing machine inventor, last Thursday night begged admission to the Waterbury almshouse.

"I have no friends and no money," said she. "My husband has deserted me. I have been driven from pillar to post. I am sick and hungry, and I have no clothes that protect me from the wind. Please take me in for my father's sake."

Thus, in the city where her father paid \$200,000 in taxes during his lifetime and gave away a fortune to charity, his daughter begged for alms.

A. B. Wilson, the sewing machine inventor, started in business here after serving his apprenticeship with a journeyman's kit, but his hundreds grew to thousands, and these rounded a full million, as royalties for his patents poured in. He died in 1888 with his fortune fast melting away because of his luckless business adventures in which he embarked during his last years. His children, except his second daughter Ethel, were dead. She married Henry Merwin. He deserted her in a few months and obtained a divorce. Her mother died, and a year ago she was left alone. She has done housework in families who were formerly employed by her father, and others of her father's employees have given her sums of money to keep her alive. — *New Haven Dispatch*.

Many have not the courage to survive financial calamity. They dare not meet their proud rivals of the business world, for humiliating is the contrast between *then* and *now*. They

realize that those depending upon them must give up their social positions, for the money is gone wherewith to purchase the luxuries society demands. The world never sympathizes with the unfortunate—but scornfully rejoices—secretly?—ah! no, but delights in publishing the misfortunes and faults of all who lose in the battles of life.

Reader, is it safe to have time, talent and soul invested in this deceitful world?

He who escapes with his soul secure, after the fierce fires of financial disaster have consumed all earthly treasures, and dares go to the fashionable churches and testify and work for Jesus, will have treasures in Heaven of which the world never knew. Is not life too short for any man honestly to acquire, to have and to hold great riches? This question is left for the reader's next leisure hour, to be answered as reason and experience have taught.

We know that death soon separates the man and his great riches, and if he has starved his soul and given his life to feasting and pleasure, the poor blind girl's hope is more desirable than his.

Half the worry and work of life is not required to supply our real wants, but the mind annihilates present possessions and seeks for more. The rich exercise the least that privilege which produces the greatest happiness—making others happy. When riches become ministers of mercy, sympathy and helpfulness, they are incense to the skies.

Riches are worth striving for if used to elevate the life and soul to contemplate the useful and sublime.

The Lord never intended for His people to despise this world which He formed, framed, furnished and adorned for their probationary abode where the soul is prepared for its native Heaven. We must not love and prefer this world before Him who made it, and give Him only what we can spare from this. He requires that we lay up treasures and

desire Heaven as a greater good than earth — not a lesser evil than hell—when we can live here no longer.

Col. Henry Watterson, the veteran Kentucky editor, in an address before the graduates of a business college, said: "Find out a nation's sins and you find therein its dangers. The danger we must fear and beware of has its roots in human nature, is fostered by our peculiar conditions and lies in the effect of money upon the national moral sense. The brains of the country are all engaged in money-making, and money-making alone."

Dr. Talmage says: "The over-shadowing curse of the United States is the greedy, all-grasping monster, monopoly, which has the republican party in one pocket and the democratic party in the other pocket."

Here is a sketch of two of the world's poorest men: One was always weary with laziness or tired with inactivity, and not shrewd enough to "put other men's shoulders to the wheel." He had assumed the duty of husband and father, but shirked the cares of both, which fell on his wife's shoulders. All his life was a curse of protest against the evil of the rich and their ill-gotten wealth, yet his poverty was as *ill-gotten*. Then he died and left it all — for this was his all.

Another was a multi-millionaire, whose whole life had been given to money-getting. He over-reached and under-bid, gave little and took much, until he amassed a fortune, which he could not enjoy. Then he died and left all — for this was all. These men were alike mental and moral paupers, for all avenues of delight in nature, books and people were closed to them. Worst of all, in greed or in jealousy, they had valued gold above the "Pearl of Great Price."

I thoroughly believe in ambitious discontent with our spiritual endeavors and ideals, and would incite in others ambition for imperishable riches and soul-love.

“The Christian who never smiles has much to answer for.”

Innocent laughter is not undignified but is one of the most scientific forms of exercise, and is an excellent medicine for the over-taxed nerves and brain. We should not smile approval of follies and misdemeanors, and amuse ourselves at the expense of others whose innocent mistakes or ignorance appear ridiculous to us because we have the advantage of experience and culture.

THE RIDICULOUS OPTIMIST.

There was once a man who smiled
 Because the day was bright,
 Because he slept at night,
 Because God gave him sight
 To gaze upon his child;
 Because his little one
 Could leap and laugh and run,
 Because the distant sun
 Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He smiled because the sky
 Was high above his head,
 Because the rose was red,
 Because the past was dead!
 He never wondered why
 The Lord had blundered so
 That all things have to go
 The wrong way here below
 The over-arching sky.

He toiled and still was glad
 Because the air was free,
 Because he loved, and she
 That claimed his love and he
 Shared all the joys they had!
 Because the grasses grew,
 Because the sweet winds blew,
 Because that he could hew
 And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived he smiled
 And did not look ahead
 With bitterness or dread,
 But nightly sought his bed
 As calmly as a child.
 And people called him mad
 For being always glad
 With such things as he had,
 And shook their heads and smiled.

— *Chicago Times-Herald.*

It is uncharitable to be constantly frowning and grumbling about "other people being so much happier than we are." There are those who have *soured* on the world because they have been deceived by some and have not received the homage of others. Blessed are they who expect no satisfactory dividends from selfish investments in worldliness, for they shall not be disappointed.

"When our hatred is too keen, it places us beneath those we hate." None but weak minds blame and scorn all the family for the sins and misfortunes of one of its members. Charity does not condemn the helpless for the personal obligations of others.

Idleness and satire are two beloved hand-maids of evil. Indolence is the mother of misery, while physical and mental work is essential to happiness.

The arrogant are never happier than when encouraged by flatterers who take satanic pride in listening to irony and invectives. May we pray: Lord forgive them, for they know not what they do!

Sarcasm is another of the many sins that go before to Judgment.

"People suffer more to be lost than to be saved, and punishment often begins on this side of the grave."

"To cherish an unforgiving spirit is to refuse to go all the way to the cross with Christ."

"When the heart is full of compassion there is not room for prejudice."

To know *self*, and something of everything, and everything about some things, to be the ruler of the soul, and to have a purpose in life, and entertain high ideals, is success.

"Pride has but two seasons — a forward spring and an early fall." Misfortunes arising from man's own *rashness* are the hardest to bear. A horrible dream may disturb sleep, and a rash word or deed murders peace, and hangs like an incubus over the soul. Things seemingly commonplace often have caused unexpected and awful calamities.

One of the most shocking tragedies which has occurred in this country in years was the killing in New York City of Paul Leicester Ford, the author, whose best known book is "Janice Meredith," by his brother, Malcolm W., who immediately shot himself, and the brothers were buried side by side. The author was a deformed cripple, while his brother was one of the finest athletes in the world. When the father died he gave nothing of a large fortune to Malcolm, and his brothers and sisters would not share with him. He brooded over it until it unsettled his mind, and he shot his brother and himself.

Rev. S. W. Adriance says:

"The choice day of grace is soon lost to the idler,
Nor wait the swift moments that speed by our side;

* * * * *

They stay not, those opportune angels of service,
But draw far away from the lover of ease;

* * * * *

Life is not base, though it struggle with hardship."

"Industry and frugality should co-exist. Idleness is the parent of vice; industry, of virtue."

True religion sympathizes with those who need sympathy, and the rich may be blessed by ministering to the needy.

We should not think it undignified and a sign of weakness to "weep with those who weep." "Christ went about doing good"—having "not where to lay His head." By patience and humility here we shall be exalted hereafter through our self-sacrifices for others.

We need to be, with "Christ our model," genuine Christians, not imitation Christs.

Paul says that those that are Christ's have crucified the flesh. Crucifying was the most painful of deaths, and it is not without pain that we can crucify our lower nature, but we may rise above this into superior power and bliss.

Religion is a permanent investment that pays dividends in comfort and satisfaction that mere wealth and the world can not give. Many of us have faith to believe, but lack courage to work in the midst of a scoffing world, and we are easily dejected by those who speak sneeringly of religion.

Overwork physically or spiritually kills fewer people than excessive leisure, for inactivity and stagnation is slow suicide.

Praise pleases all, but commendation is due only those who work, and work today.

Division increases pleasures, but diminishes cares and sorrows. Riches are useful for one much-neglected use—to elevate the helpless and fallen and train souls for Heaven. Earth's benefactors enjoy a tranquillity of mind which selfish wealth can not purchase.

" 'Tis true my little purse grows light,
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail."

The longest life here is but a moment when compared with the infinite length of eternity, and we make "much ado about nothing" as regards temporal affairs, and too often neglect the all-important eternal welfare. We must confess

that we are more interested in perishable riches, and worldly losses and cares trouble us more than the loss of eternal souls.

The costliest sacrifice is cheap if it secures the eternal safety of a precious soul and insures heavenly reunion. The province of the soul is large enough to occupy all our leisure, and no *dull time* should remain to be beguiled with selfish amusements that are questionable in their influence.

The advocates of dancing say it is good exercise which produces a graceful manner and carriage, and should not be classed with the serious evils of the world, but with the elevating amusements. They say there are just as good people who dance as there are who do not, and when the latter get to Heaven the dancers will be in sight.

Little "no harms" are often the beginnings of unexpected endings, and the fascination of dancing is sometimes like the fascination of wine, which leads to the most sinful way of living and the hardest way of dying.

Many dance until the rosy tint appears upon the cheek, then go to an open window or a veranda for the cool night zephyrs to fan them away, never to return again. There are recorded facts more deplorable than these untimely deaths, when the soul is sacrificed to selfish pleasures.

There are those to whom dancing is a physical delight, yet it is more commendable not to work so hard for one's relaxation. Take a brisk walk in the open air and call upon your less fortunate cousins and weep with them, then extend the hand of aid and sympathy, and the happiness will be real compared with the utterly frivolous existence you covet.

What is presented in any theatre that compares with the beauty and grandeur of the Psalms and hymns, the sublimity of the vision of St. John, or the inspiration we may receive from the "Trumpet Blasts" and visions of Heavenly reunion and grandeur, described by Dr. Talmage?

Church services might be made so impressive and interesting that the desire for worldly amusements would rapidly decrease if all ministers would study to present the Gospel attractively. Be not deluded with the idea that I mean frivolous services, for I believe divine services should be always grave and solemn. All time and opportunity should be valued highly, for there are inexhaustible subjects of wisdom and sublimity in both the visible world and the Celestial City. For all who prefer tragedy, real life presents various scenes which can not be equaled by Nature's handmaid, Art, but alas! for the actors.

No disaster ever occurred in an American theatre equaling in loss of life the Iroquois fire in Chicago, and but two in the history of the civilized world surpass it. In Chicago six hundred people were killed; in the destruction of the Ring theatre in Vienna, twenty-two years ago, eight hundred and seventy-five perished; and the burning of Lehman's playhouse in St. Petersburg seventy-two years ago caused the death of eight hundred. The number of holocausts in theatres is large, and many people have paid an enormous price in flesh and blood for amusements from the time when wild animals bounded in Roman amphitheatres to the present time, and prophets of punishment in future worlds paint no terrors worse than those which have marked many assemblages of the pleasure-seeking. There have been real tragedies, shrieks and wails of the dying — scenes that cause all the horrors ever depicted in mimic realms behind footlights to pale and shrivel into comparative nothingness.

The vanity of human grandeur is like a stream constantly flowing until death dries the fountain.

Shakespeare says:

"This is the state of man; today he puts forth the tender leaves of Hope, tomorrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honors thick upon him:

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is
 a ripening, — nips his fruit, and then he falls.
 Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no
 more."

The way to fame is through much tribulation. Young says there would not be much envy in the world if we knew how little some enjoy the great things they possess.

" High stations tumult, but not bliss, create ;
 None think the great unhappy, but the great."

Jay Gould said that after a man's fortune passed the half-million mark he bade farewell to peace and happiness.

We want rest unto our souls, but ambition disdains contentment, which is found within ourselves in a meek and lowly disposition of the heart, and courts transport, admiration and applause, which often ends in disappointment.

We are not happy and contented because we seek what we have not, and forget what we have until it is lost or gone, when we realize its value.

Our real wants are few and easily supplied — our imaginary ones are boundless and insatiable. If we possess all that nature requires we then invent artificial appetites and wants.

When delayed, future rewards cease to encourage and future punishments to alarm — therefore, if man's life were prolonged, and the number of their days known to mortals, many more would perish.

Fear of punishment often guides to duty, and if it were not for this dread many of the world's and fortune's favorites would pass an idle life of vanity and selfishness until their light, like the meteor, vanishes in the sable smoke of death.

They who seem most secure in health and wealth, like the great trees of the forest, have many *blasts* to shake them,

and in their efforts to withstand life's *storms* — often fall with a *crash*.

Human happiness dwells in the soul, not in the flesh. We all are inclined to grasp at forbidden fruit, and scorn what is wholesome and attainable. Nothing is permanent in nature, everything ascends or declines. When freed from necessary contention, we quarrel through envy or ambition. The great calamities of life often fall on the elevated positions, for there the storms are most violent and the thunder loudest. We should remember and admire the wisdom of Agur's petition: "Remove far from me vanity and lies. Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee; and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal; and take the name of my God in vain." Prov., 30.

Some exponents of speculative finance in America should realize that if they were under the jurisdiction of English courts there would be far greater safety for investors, but that disasters might await them. The vanity of human grandeur is again explained in the conviction of Whitaker Wright to a sentence of seven years' penal servitude from which he escaped by suicide. "'Tis better to endure the ills we have, than fly to others we know not of." The most wretched worldly life should be endured instead of rushing into eternity, thus plunging the guilty soul in endless night. If people would be impressed with proper views of their constant and personal accountability to God, this conviction should arrest all in their transgressions, and sin and sorrow would decrease. Man's accountability to God should be realized by all, and every day we should live as if we were going immediately to Judgment, and also as if we expected a long earthly pilgrimage. Unbelief makes our miseries eternal, while faith and hope are the only cheap and universal cures for all the ills and sorrows men endure.

One higher than the highest of earth will reward the righteous and punish the guilty here or hereafter, and not a cup of cold water given to a disciple will be forgotten. The heart's adoration and the prayers of the poor are always acceptable to God. The undivided heart and consecrated life is what God requires of His people, and to assist in soul-winning is the work we must do if we would have treasures in Heaven.

God approves of the beautiful and sublime in art, for He has given us the beautiful and sublime in nature, so we should cultivate elevating sentiments, yet there are divine prohibitions against greed and covetousness. In jealous rivalry for supremacy vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms involved in bankruptcy and souls sold for naught — sacrificed to the world — in the struggle.

The anxiety of the millionaire is greater than the anxiety of those with just what they can manage in peace and comfort. The former has to trust so much to others that he fears becoming their prey, and financial panics or conflagrations are feared because he has so many investments. The four elements are indispensable to man as servants, yet when they pass beyond his control they become enemies of destruction and extermination, when his works of use and beauty melt into oblivion. If he *himself* escapes their vengeance, he soon becomes a victim to the insidious ravages of disease or time.

“Man is but as a flower, and the haughty creations of his genius mere dust and ashes in the great day of Destiny.”

*“What is a man profited if he shall gain
the whole world and lose his own soul?”*

Get riches, my boy! Grow as rich as you can;
’Tis the laudable aim of each diligent man
Of life’s many blessings his share to secure,
Nor go through this world ill-conditioned and poor.

Get riches, my boy! Ah, but hearken you, mind!
 Get riches, but those of the genuine kind.
 Get riches, — not dollars and acres, unless
 You thoughtfully use them to brighten and bless.

Get riches, not such as with money are bought.
 But those that with love and high thinking are wrought;
 Get rubies of righteousness, jewels of grace,
 Whose brightness Time's passing shall never efface.

Get riches! Do not, as the foolish will do,
 In getting your money let money get you
 To steal life's high purpose from heart and from head
 And prison the soul in a pocket instead.

Get riches! Get gold that is pure and refined;
 Get light from above; get the love of mankind;
 Get gladness through all of life's journey; and then
 Get heaven forever and ever. Amen.

— *Nixon Waterman, Arlington Heights, Mass.*

The happiest and most useful men are not the richest. The poorest people are those already possessing more than they can manage, yet with an insatiable ambition for greater wealth. Where perishable riches is the greatest ambition of life, present possessions do not give peace and joy, for there remains an endless desire for more. The allurements of worldly treasures deludes many who indefinitely delay the preparation of the soul until they are on the brink of the abyss of death, when it is too late.

Sickness and suffering have enough to do without the anxiety of the burden of the unsaved soul. When the body is tortured with pain and scorched with fever the trial is then severe enough to occupy the mind without the remorse of a life sacrificed to worldliness.

The thief on the cross is the only Bible record of repentance and salvation on the brink of eternity.

Nothing is more pathetic than physical pain accompanied by conscious remorse and anguish for a misspent life,

and nothing appeals more strongly to the Christian to do his duty, lest some soul is lost by his neglect.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted
 If we would but see the way!
 Ah, the pains that might be lightened
 Every hour and every day,
 If we would but hear the pleadings
 Of the hearts that go astray!

Let us step outside the stronghold
 Of our selfishness and pride;
 Let us lift our fainting brothers,
 Let us strengthen ere we chide;
 Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
 Hold a light to cheer and guide.

If they who spend their lives in useful and faithful service and daily repentance and prayers to God, often dread death as an ice-cold stream in winter, though the chill be but a moment's, what is the remorse of those on their dying beds whose preparation for eternity is just begun? If consecrated mothers and workers for the Lord feel unworthy to enter the King's palace and partake of His riches, what are the thoughts of those who spend idle, selfish or wicked lives?

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. Heb., 5:12.

Many lives are not worth living because of unbelief. We should pray to God to make the eternal world a reality to us and make us realize our responsibilities while here. The lives of all who do their best in all times and places are successes. Much patient training is necessary for brilliant performances. If we neglect opportunities to do good some soul may be lost by our indifference. We can not transfer to our brother our personal responsibilities and thus evade remorse or other punishment. Life is a failure where

worldly riches are more highly esteemed than the priceless treasure — the Soul.

If millionaires continue to multiply and to combine, the *London Express* fears that a new table of measures will have to be put into the arithmetics, somewhat after this fashion :

Ten mills make a trust.
 Ten trusts make a combine.
 Ten combines make a merger.
 Ten mergers make a magnate.
 One magnate makes the money.

The worldling and self-indulgent live their easy, careless lives regardless of their personal responsibilities to God for all their time and possessions, which are only a *loan* from Him.

" When brought to the verge of the grave, and made to stand there, looking out upon the great eternity beyond, with its everlasting throne, its Great Judge and all its eternal verities of truth, justice and wrath," what is their remorse?

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH.

“Death has a different visage for each and every son of man. To the sweet babe, Death is the mother’s semblance, which softly takes the infant soul to God. To the brave youth, Death comes like an honored chieftain bearing laurel crowns. To the coward, Death is some hideous monster, who, far from standing before the dying one, needs but show his form to hurry the soul into Eternity.”

To all who are prepared to meet God in peace, angels are sent from the upper world as ministers of love and mercy. To all who have passed a selfish and unrighteous life, evil spirits appear from the lower world as ministers of sorrow and woe.

It is often that men are unmercifully criticised and all their weaknesses and follies exposed while they live. Public servants and professionals are often caricatured and ridiculed by their opponents, but “when they go where no treason lurks, no envy dwells, no grudges grow,” their good qualities are gathered into garlands and placed on their caskets. Like eulogies, they may incite the living to nobler lives, but they are nothing to the dead. Sometimes it requires the death-angel to cause the worldling to seek God. Many have returned from funerals resolved to meet their loved ones in Heaven. Many have viewed the silent sleepers and paid the last earthly tribute to their beloved, and after committing to the grave their earthly treasures, have become humble followers of the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. Death has made sad havoc all around, and we have no assurance that the relentless archer will leave us long undisturbed. We must not imagine that it is necessary for

the life of a good Christian to be gloomy and melancholy, but some pleasures must be resigned for others infinitely greater.

Cardinal Gibbons says: "When we pray for the preservation or restoration of health and God does not grant our prayer, we must not infer that our prayers are in vain, for God answers our petitions either directly or indirectly. If He does not grant us what we ask here He prepares us for the glories of Heaven by the chastening."

Great prosperity turns us toward *Mammon*, and we become dizzy with selfish pride and almost lose sight of God. We are startled by distress or bereavement into the realization of our dependence upon God for temporal and spiritual gifts and blessings. Before men go out to war, orators tell them that they all will be remembered by their country and their names be recorded in history, but go to the *lonely* graves or to the *cities of the dead* and many have not even the formal inscription "Unknown." We have the full-length portraits of the great leaders and conquerors, for these form the historian's theme, but all Heaven knows the true hero, and there shall they gain full recognition for their deeds and shine as the stars, each with a distinct light.

Requiems are mournfully tolled from the bells of all the churches in this world, and all the homes have been draped in mourning or contain emblems of sorrow or distress.

"There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall."

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone," is sadly true!

The weakest have courage to bear the misfortunes of others, yet personal griefs test the fortitude of the brave and strong, for each heart knoweth its own bitterness. When the *laughing* world gives no solace and our dearest friends

forsake us and we are so weary we almost sink beneath the cares, let us go forth and seek those more distressed—for we often feel we are the most persecuted of any—and our pain will be lessened by their anguish if we aid them in word or deed, for we were born to serve, and activity of mind and body sustains the drooping soul.

“ Oh! loving Father chide us not for weeping,
For Jesus wept while Lazarus still was sleeping;
We miss our loved ones day by day,
But He who made the tears to flow, can wipe them all away.
Oh, glorious hope! Oh, blessed thought of earthly trials done,
If faithful here, we shall meet again in our Father’s Home.”

“ The language of tears is *universal*, and Death, that can not weep, sets weeping all. No man is master and no man is pupil of this ancient lore, which is unstudied, yet correctly classical.”

“ Procrastination is the thief of time.
Year after year it steals, till are are fled;
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.”

“ How excellent that life they ne’er will lead!
The thing they can’t but purpose, they postpone.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves.”

“ So dies in human hearts the thought of death,
Ev’n with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O’er those we love, we drop it in their grave.”— *Young*.

“ A death-bed’s a detector of the heart,
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Thro’ Life’s grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real, and apparent, are the same.”

“ Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends on this side
death; and points them out to men;
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.”

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
 Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies":
 And "Dust to Dust" concludes her noblest song.

"Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
 We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
 We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplored;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!"—*Young*.

We should not damp the delight of our few short hours of happiness by gloomy anticipations of misfortunes which we can not prevent.

"We are often in happy ignorance of the thunderbolt that is about to fall from the smiling and cloudless heavens."

"The Father hath willed it so,
 That mortals may never know
 Whether there lies in the future years
 A grave of hope to be wet with tears,
 A palace of joy or woe,
 Lest feet should falter and hearts grow faint,
 He knew it was better so."

Music is a universal language except to those who are born without the power to appreciate it. Only when genius is married to science are the highest results produced. Beethoven, the greatest composer who ever lived, chose patience for his guide. He was keenly susceptible to the pleasures of society, but at an early age was obliged to isolate himself on account of defective hearing, and was brought nigh to despair, but art alone sustained him. He once could hear perfectly, but finally became unable to hear his own heavenly music, and in life's meridian another soul was welcomed *Home*.

Mozart was painfully apprehensive at the thought of death, and died at the age of 36. He was the most remarkable infant prodigy that ever existed, and passed through a childhood the most remarkable that child ever lived. He

composed much and easily. "The Requiem" was his last composition, of which he said to some friends: "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed that death chant?"

"The limit of life is brief —
 'Tis the red in the red rose-leaf,
 'Tis the gold in the sunset sky,
 'Tis the flight of a bird on high.
 Yet we may fill the space
 With such an infinite grace
 That the red will vein all time,
 The gold through the ages shine,
 And the bird fly swift and straight
 To the lilies of God's own gate."

—*Unidentified.*

TRIBUTE TO OUR MOTHERS

Consecrated mothers fight the bravest battles in all ages, and these holy wars last so long — from infancy to the grave. The kingliest victories are not won by admirals on battleships, but in woman's kingdom — the home, where the mother, in the continual wars, nobly fights on after victory in some lines and defeat in others, then silent, unseen, goes down. God sanctifies the services of the mother in the home or sick-room as He does that of the minister who preaches the gospel. She who ministers for weeks to the beloved sufferer and after all hope of recovery is gone, she watches the life fade away and sees the grave conceal the dear form from mortal view, can be really consoled by none except Christ, who wept while Lazarus slept.

Literally, Christ never married, but *was* and *is* the especial friend and *confidant* of all troubled womanhood. Figuratively, the "Church is His Bride, the Lamb's wife, therefore woman has the privilege to go to Christ with all her troubles, for by His oath of conjugal fidelity He hath sworn to sympathize."

Let us not forget the consecrated sisters who coöperate with the Lord in His work of redemption by assisting in soul-saving and are the humble instruments of the return of sinners to God. They who serve others, ministering to their needs, wiping away tears and comforting their sorrows, serve God.

America's Queen, Frances E. Willard, was editor of *The Chicago Evening Post* and president of the W. C. T. U. from 1879 until her death in 1898. Her Heavenly birthdays are recognized annually by her followers. Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, fought life's battles alone. The angel of the sick-room, Clara Barton, has been president of the American Red Cross Society for more than twenty years. Helen Miller Gould, whose fame is secure as one of the noblest American women, gives freely both money and work to many worthy causes. There are others who live lives of single blessedness, and give their undivided attention to those husbands and sons whose own wives and mothers are too much oppressed with their private cares to preside over those of the world.

If your work produces wrinkles and silver locks, and is unrewarded and unappreciated — rejoice! for the conflict will soon end and angels will accompany the freed spirit home. Disregard the derision and censure of the world if your noon is lengthening into the evening of life, for soon these will cease to be felt where no heart will be left unsatisfied, for that happy region is the abode of love — of love without the defilements or disquietudes of mortality, for there it is an everlasting pure enjoyment. Thence came and now dwells Jesus again, for "God so loved a lost world that He sent His only Son to redeem it from its sins, and to bring it to eternal blessedness."

For reasons best known to themselves — not always of necessity — many good women fight the battles of life alone.

An alliance with an indolent and selfish man is superfluous, a hindrance — not a help. Before the consummation of marriage some have become *widowed*, and ever remain true to their departed lovers. There are and have been many guardian spirits over homes already established by others, who might grace a throne of their own. After all — they are never alone, for *Heaven* is on their side. Paul says the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord (I. Cor., 7: 34).

The common people do the work, bear the burdens and weep the sympathies of the world. Moses, the meek law-giver; David, the sweet singer; Burns, the poet; Martin Luther, Newton, Lincoln, and many others to whom the world is indebted, were not cradled in luxury and reared in ease. Earth's benefactors do not all dwell in the sunny clime of riches and fame; many serve God and pass lives of toil and self-sacrifice in obscurity. Pneumonia, diphtheria, and the many afflictions of humanity, would have an unlimited sweep if it were not for the common doctors and nurses. Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton and other popular and noble women have nursed the sick in conspicuous places, yet there have been thousands of as good nurses, though never heard of except among their own people.

Dr. Talmage says: "All of a woman's life is one of self-sacrifice when she works and has the care of a home amid sorrow or sickness. Self-sacrifice brings all the real happiness of life, for God rewards magnificently in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul, yet the world hears nothing of them. You could not with the agonies of an inquisition make them say they prefer to indulge their own selfish pleasures to serving others. These noble women have many responsibilities, for by the food they provide, the couch they spread, the books or papers they introduce, and by all they do, they are helping to decide the eternal

welfare of the human race. There are the trials of non-appreciation, sickness or fatigue, for she often rises in the morning half rested. She is the banker of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and often there is a panic. O, man of business, if you had as many cares as that you would be a fit candidate for an insane asylum!"

SKETCHES AND TRIBUTES.

John Russell was born in Ireland, May 20, 1776. He left there and came to America in 1795, and was married to Sarah Rosana Sprowell, September 22, 1803. Their only son, William S. Russell, was born one hundred years ago, June 26, 1804, and died at Decatur, Tenn., April 5, 1866, aged 62. He was a prominent citizen and ex-sheriff of Meigs County. He was noted for his hospitality and philanthropy, and his doors were always open to ministers of all denominations. The *Civil War* brought financial reverses and great changes. *His* was the first death in this family, but others have followed on, and soon, *so soon*, all may be gone.

"And oh! the years and tears since then!
The miles and smiles that have lured us on!
The graves we have passed and the moments when
The cradle and coffin seemed almost one."

A Bible, one hundred and fifty years old, is now possessed by T. J. Russell, in which appears the record of his grandfather, John Russell, who brought this Bible from Ireland.

Sarah R. Neil died January 23, 1882, aged 36. She was a kind mother and a devoted Christian. Her sudden death was a severe shock to her relatives and friends, yet no one was ever better prepared to obey a hasty summons than she.

Her daughter, Minnie, always frail and delicate, like certain flowers, disappeared gradually from the earth as if exhaled to Heaven, and in 1903 went *Home*.

John T. Russell, Jr., died April 18, 1883, aged 53.

In 1886, in her thirty-sixth year, the lips and ears of Fatima Russell Jones became heedless to the prattle and cry of her six young children.

"Mother is dead," was their wailing cry,
 "Vainly we call, and cry and weep,
 We can not awaken from that sleep
 The mother who loved us and gave us birth,
 Her dear form rests 'neath a swell of earth."

For one brief year Grandma filled the vacancy occasioned by the death of this mother. Her own family all being married and scattered abroad or gone from the earth, Susan Blevins Russell resided at the home of Capt. W. O. Jones, and tenderly cared for her motherless grandchildren, until July 27, 1887, when

"The Golden Gates were opened wide,
 A gentle voice said 'Come,'
 And angels from the other side
 Welcomed our grandma Home."

After long years come echoes and memories of:

"Kindness and love and patient ways,
 Of watchful care through nights and days.
 Memory of hands with toil acquaint
 Of burdens borne with no complaint;
 Echoes of prayers and hopes and fears,
 A perfect trust through many years."

Grandma had just passed her seventy-eighth birthday, and her sister, Mary Taylor, passed away just two weeks before, they being the last two of the older members of a large family.

Life's labor ended and F. Grundy Russell passed from the earth in 1898.

In March, 1899, the soul of Capt. W. O. Jones was safely anchored in the Haven of Rest. His youngest son

preceded him Home only one month. He was a popular steamboat captain on the Clinch and Tennessee rivers, and admired by all who can appreciate true worth. He was a devoted Christian and Mason, regarding the duties and obligations of both. After the ceremonies of the beautiful Masonic ritual the sad duty of assigning the body to the tomb was performed. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Another brother sleeps in Decatur cemetery.

Sunie Jones Coulter, his only daughter, "crossed over the river and anchored on the Heavenly shore," July 13, 1902, aged 27 years. She was married to Robert J. Coulter in December, 1898, and they for a while resided in Dayton, Tenn., but later they went to Roswell, New Mexico, where she died and was buried — far from the Tennessee home. Her Christian life was beautiful — an inspiration to her loved ones — and may her two children be often reminded of their saintly mother. Her last and fatal illness continued eleven weeks, when the accumulated force of faith and character and fidelity to God served so well. When the insidious ravages of disease invaded her happy home, with great effort and patience she endeavored to stay the monster off, but she at last surrendered with the faith of a victor. She talked with her husband about the parting, and was so well prepared and the way was so plainly open to her, that the conversations were as if she were preparing for an earthly journey. They joined in singing some sweet songs, and she left many evidences of her Christian character. For five weeks Sunie's sufferings were intensely painful, and she then asked God to take her Home. While being purified in this furnace of affliction, spiritual gravitation was drawing her Heavenward, and at times, without any delirium, she would speak of seeing the loved ones gone before; so she left the fragrance of a sweet life as a heritage to those who *linger* here.

"Lo! the prisoner is released,
 Lightened of her fleshly load;
 Where the weary are at rest,
 She is gathered unto God.

Borne by Angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies,
 Finds her God and sits and sings,
 Triumphant in Paradise."

Thomas Gallaher was born January 20, 1800, died August 20, 1872.

Elizabeth Williams Gallaher died July 21, 1884, aged 66 years. She was kind, obliging and industrious, and considered the comfort and happiness of others before her own. Sickness is a great test of character, and for six years she endured the excruciating pains of rheumatism.

Dr. Talmage says: "The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest upon is the invalid's chair or couch. Those who submissively endure afflictions and tortures will answer to the roll-call of the martyrs, rise to the martyr's throne, and wave the martyr's palm, in the *Home* where there shall be no more pain."

"The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his exit." He lives long who lives well. "Like a thief in the night," the pale angel of death entered our home and another world-weary soul was taken Home. June 14, 1878, in his thirty-eighth year, James Blair Gallaher made his exit from life's stage. The Masonic chain was again broken and the silver cord severed that bound the mortal to the immortal. None excelled him in industry and philanthropy, and he left a large void in the world. He was an affectionate friend, possessed of a lively sense of humor, and fond of innocent amusements. He was essentially and necessarily a man of action, a brave soldier who was severely wounded in battle, a useful citizen, and

gallant as any knight of old — yet never married. After the death of his father, he assumed the responsibilities of the home and tenderly cared for his invalid mother. He practiced the principle that it is better for a man to *wear out* than to *rust out*. Death relieved him of his sufferings, after six months of intense pain.

After a lingering illness, on November 22, 1898, Lizzie Bradley Fox passed peacefully from this life. She had been a student of Robertsville Academy, and was admired for kindness and modesty. She gave her heart to Jesus and united with the church at the age of sixteen, and was a true child of the King. On her twentieth birthday, September 16, 1894, she and Dr. P. W. Fox were united in marriage, and resided at Beaver Ridge. She was the mother of two daughters, Lucile Agnes, now eight years of age, and residing with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradley, at Lonsdale; and Lina May, who at the age of fifteen months had gone before to meet her mamma, after one year's separation.

In August, 1903, Dr. P. W. Fox, the father and husband, joined them in the Heavenly Home. By energy and perseverance he became well prepared to continue the practice of his profession, yet his useful life ended when hope seemed brightest. In the midst of worldly success and ambition he was warned by a thunderbolt from a clear sky that the world's sun was obscured by the shadow of death, but to emerge in the full light of God's eternal day.

After three weeks of painful illness, Daisy B. Fox obeyed the message, "Come higher," and was escorted by angels to regions of peace and love. Her earthly home was the scene of devotion and solicitude that has rarely been surpassed. The continual presence and skill of physicians were all in vain to restore the young sufferer until the Great Physician interposed and transformed her weary soul into

a celestial spirit. She was the peer of any who ever lived for personal magnetism and nobility of soul, and to know her was to love her. Although only twenty years old, she was prominent in religious and educational circles, and a popular teacher, so her friends anticipated for her a brilliant and useful future. The void in our hearts caused by her absence has never and can never be filled, yet we must submit to the immutable decree and strive and hope for Heavenly recognition at the greatest reunion. The memory of her many kind words and acts reminds us that she was for a brief time among us, and we are incited to contemplate sublime ideas. She was district deputy president of the Rebekah Lodge at Beaver Ridge, and the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs assisted in the funeral services.

Albert T. Gallaher, eldest son of D. H. and M. E. Gallaher, died November 25, 1880, aged 18 years. He was one of the victims of the terrible poisoning affair near Kingston, at Col. James I. Dail's, when one of his daughters was married to Joel Hembree. Albert died as he had lived, a happy Christian. The noblest deed is the offering of a young life to God where it will be forever safe in His holy keeping and all Heaven rejoices at the gift.

Joseph H. Gallaher, aged 26, died January 16, 1895, at his home in Hardin Valley. He was a Christian and prepared for death. He has been sadly missed from the *home here*, but has gone to welcome the loved ones to the Eternal Home.

Joe Hardin, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Freeman, died April 15, 1902, aged two years.

"God needed one more angel child
Amidst His shining band,
And so He bent with loving smile,
And clasped our darling's hand."

One sweet, sad voice ennobles death,
 And still for nineteen centuries saith, softly,
 "Ye meet again."

In May, 1897, Will T. Christian, of Hardin Valley, joined his father and loved ones gone before. He was a young man of usefulness and promise and is sadly missed by many. The remaining children were again bereaved, when their mother, Anne Christian, was called from the earth, in October, 1903.

"Oh! who can tell of a mother's love?
 Who can measure, save God above?
 And none can tell of a mother's loss,
 But those who bear that heavy cross."

Daisy Gallaher Lackey, aged 24, died December 1, 1893, at Garner, Texas. She professed religion in early life and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Russell's Chapel. She lived a pure, consistent Christian life, and by her daily walk, proved that she was a child of the King. In church and Sunday-school she filled her place well, but in her home-life she showed her brightest traits of character. Her home was made happy by her lovely disposition and Christian influence. The world is better by her life and by her sweet disposition she drew all to her and repelled none. She lived happily and made others happy. Her new friends in Texas, where she lived only one *short* year, mourn their loss as if they had known her all her life. During her illness she had the best medical aid, and attention from friends, but death claimed her and she exchanged her *bridal* robes for *those* of immortality. Those eyes now blind to earthly scenes are opened where tear-drops never more dim the eyes. In the Weatherford cemetery, as the sun sank behind the prairies, they laid her to rest—far from her home in "Sunny Tennessee,"—away from kindred dear, where the wild flowers of Texas shall bloom on her lonely grave.

In the summer of 1902, the husband, Dr. Charles W. Lackey, joined his *bride* in the Home where they await the coming of others to be present at the "Grand Reunion."

April 6, 1895, the spirit of Aunt Sallie Hardin passed over the river and began its march with the chosen hosts of God in the Celestial City. She was 74 years of age, and was *preccded* seven years by her husband, James Hardin, a prominent and prosperous citizen of Hardin Valley. She had been for many years enlisted in the Army of the Lord — so conquering the last enemy — she left the discords of earth to listen to Heavenly harmony. Seven years later, they were followed by their daughter, Laura Hardin Bogle. April 18, 1902, after two weeks of intense suffering, she took her flight to the Home where sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more. From a worldly view we see nothing in death but decay, removal and absence — yet it is the key which unlocks the door of the King's Mansion.

"An angel came with lightning speed, with death-dew on his ebon wing, and fanned the brow" of Sephie Crozier Cross until the sun of her earthly journey had set and her soul was released from the tenement of clay in which she had known much sorrow and suffering, to be forever free from pain and care. The death of a loved one should lead us to invite "Christ, the Man of Sorrows," to our homes, for it opens a window of Heaven and gives us a glimpse into the beyond. As we see them there we become more Heavenly-minded, and anticipate the peace and love of that *reunion*. Mrs. Cross was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in East Tennessee, yet as earth's attractions vanish, those of Heaven should be more precious and esteemed. She was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and Rev. J. H. Henry delivered a grand sermon on "Death," referring with tear-dimmed eyes to the noble mother who lay in the casket before the altar.

June 24, 1900, she was joined by her son, Sam C. Cross, who was injured while smoothing some ground with a roller, and he survived the fatal accident only two weeks. While none apprehended a serious result, Sam *himself* chose the wiser part and prepared for the worst. He delayed not the *gift* to Jesus of his only true possession — his undivided heart — making the complete surrender all alone with Jesus; then, requesting the presence of ministers and other Christians, he conducted an impressive Divine service, when he warned his associates to be also ready. After this he lost no opportunity to tell the "sweetest story," and truly he was an evangel. "Oftentimes a *subtler sense* informs some spirits of the approach of things to be," so gradually he sank, and went Home. The sad funeral was held in the presence of many weeping friends, and the beautiful young form was deposited in the grave to await the Resurrection.

Death pitched his tent in another home and stretched out his icy hand and plucked a flower. The spirit of Willie, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Theo. Sienknecht, fled from the earth in September, 1896. She was the sunshine of the home and admired by many for her cheerful and friendly disposition. One of the saddest features of the bereavement was that three of her sisters were confined to their beds with fever and could not attend the funeral.

April 9, 1901, the immortal soul of Sallie Watson Burns took its flight to the God who gave it. She had reached the age of 71, and had lived a Christian more than forty years when her summons came, after an illness of only nine days of pneumonia fever. She manifested a peaceful reconciliation to the Divine will and assured the sorrowing ones of Heavenly reunion if they too continue faithful.

The announcement on April 15, 1903, of the tragic death of A. N. Adams at Wheat created a profound sensation throughout the country and was received with sincere regret.

We are again reminded of the certainty of death, which often comes unexpected in both time and manner. His love and protection to his wife and young children ended abruptly and *so soon*, for he was only 33 years of age, in life's pride and valor's noon. Their loss is mourned with fond regret, but they weep not as those who have no hope, for he loved the Lord and desired to serve Him.

We have heard him testify of his faith and request the prayers of the Christians for his mother before she believed and trusted Jesus. In 1898, during a glorious revival conducted by Rev. U. S. Thomas and others, his mother, after repentance and many prayers for mercy, was happily converted when Nute was by her side rejoicing. He was converted and joined the church when quite young, and was a constant attendant upon divine services, where he delighted to praise God in song: "Love of the Saviour" and "Christ Receiveth Sinful Men" were two of his favorites.

He was a useful citizen, having served the county as an officer, and was one of the most active and beneficial members of the A. K. L. Society at Roane College. He was a member of East Fork Lodge No. 460, F. & A. M., where he filled different offices creditably and honorably.

The impressive funeral services were held in the Baptist Church in the presence of a large crowd, and he was buried with Masonic honors.

The following lines express the sentiments of his estimable widow:

"I know thou hast gone where love has renounced
The stain it had gathered in this.

I know thou hast drunk of the *Lethe* that flows
Through a land where they do not forget.
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

And though, like a 'mourner who sits by a tomb,'
 I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
 Yet the grief of my bosom -- Oh! call it not gloom, --
 Is not the black grief of despair.

By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
 Far off a bright vision appears,
 And hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
 Is born, like the rainbow, in tears."

Lucinda Jones, wife of Rev. George Jones, died of paralysis November 6, 1900, aged 64 years. She had been a member of the Baptist Church for forty-seven years, and her funeral was the first service held in the George Jones Memorial Church. She conquered the last enemy and crossed over the river and anchored beyond this vale of tears, three years before her husband, Rev. George Jones, who was at the table eating his dinner when he dropped dead from his seat like a bird from its perch, October 15, 1903, at his home, Wheat, Tennessee. He had been afflicted with heart disease for a year, alternately better and worse. On the day he died, mistaking the approach of death for returning health, he said he was better. Death was without a pain and the grave without a terror, for he lived in the constant expectation of death. He stood and calmly waited to hear the keel upon the shore to bear him across the dark river. We never knew a man who seemed to dread death less. He said: "Death is only transition; the grave, the gateway to perpetual and higher life." "Uncle George" was 73 years of age, and was born near where he died. He became a Christian while young, and was a minister of the Baptist Church, ordained in 1870. He was a man of broad patriotism and unfaltering Christian fidelity. The world was his country; to do good, his religion. As a public-spirited man and philanthropist he was without a rival; a character in whom were nobly blended the best elements of human nature. He had no children of his own.

but many boys struggling to gain a foothold on the slippery shores of life, owe their success to the encouragement from "Uncle George." He was the leading founder of Roane College, Wheat, Tennessee, and was president of the board of trustees until his death. He contributed the principal funds and superintended the erection of the church which is a *memorial*, bearing his name. Before his death he bequeathed the remainder of his estate to this church and turned the most of it over to the trustees.

Mart Wilkey died suddenly of rheumatism of the heart one Sunday morning in 1891. He retired Saturday night in his usual health, with the exception of slight rheumatic pains, but was found dead, having expired before he could call for help. He was in his seventy-fifth year, — one of the oldest citizens of Kingston.

Her husband had preceded her one week, when Lutitia Wilkey died, after a lingering illness; not knowing of his death, she realized no separation. She was 74 years old, and had the satisfaction of knowing her labors were not in vain, for she left a well-trained and interesting family of children and grandchildren.

Thus the twain, united for half a century on earth, were reunited in the better world after a week's separation. For one month unconscious much of the time, and hovering between life and death, she passed away without knowing her husband had gone before.

Hugh Martin, Sr., after a lingering illness, departed this life at his home in Kingston, on September 27, 1893, in his fifty-seventh year. He had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for more than thirty years, and the wisdom and ability which he exercised in aid of religion, by counsel, work and funds, is held in grateful remembrance.

In less than two years his wife, Sallie Center Martin, joined him in their eternal Home, where they await their

children and friends who remain in this world of change and sorrow.

Sarah Louise Wardlaw, of Shelbyville, Tennessee, died March 23, 1897, aged 65. The immediate cause of her death was the second stroke of paralysis. She was the widow of Rev. T. D. Wardlaw, deceased, who was recognized as the finest classical scholar and most learned member of the Southern Presbytery. Mrs. Wardlaw's Christian character was impressed on all her acquaintances.

Edgar Walton, only son of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Henry, died suddenly February 26, 1894, of rheumatism of the heart. He was a genial, promising young man, manly in his way, though only a boy in years, 16. When his death occurred like an untimely frost, there was much grief and many tears, but they wept not as those who have no hope, for Edgar had asked the loving and compassionate Saviour to have mercy. Again we are warned to be ready for the Angel of Death in youth or age.

Arminta Ladd Carmichael died November 18, 1891, in her twenty-fifth year. She patiently endured a continued illness, then quietly and calmly pillowed her head on a loving Saviour's arm, and as she breathed her last, whispered softly to her husband, "Meet me there." She had high conceptions of the Christian religion and died as she had lived, loving and trusting Jesus. Those who knew her best loved her most.

On July 2, 1890, Addie L. Cox, wife of Charles E. Cox, died after an illness of six months, aged 26 years. They had been married little more than three years, and at the age of nine months their babe was left without a mother, the sweetest and dearest friend on earth. She was resigned to the Lord's will and her last words were to her husband: "I regret to leave you and my baby, but there will be a way provided for you. Be a good man and see to training our

child in the right way; take him to church and Sunday-school. The thought of death does not excite me, I am ready to go."

A. B. Alexander died of typhoid fever at his home in Kingston, where he was a popular druggist and useful citizen. He was a devoted Christian and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He left a wife and little daughter, who did not then understand the loss of a kind and loving father.

Sallie Butler Crowder died May 27, 1899, in her thirty-ninth year. She was converted and joined the church at the age of thirteen, and was a noble mother, modest lady and devoted Christian. After a long illness, when strength was almost exhausted, she called her family around her and said she would perhaps die before morning. Kissing all goodbye, she admonished them to meet her in Heaven, exclaiming, "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus," and requested the hymn sung, and that they join with her in prayer. She exclaimed: "I can almost see Heaven; I will watch and wait for you all," and quietly sank until she went to live with God. May all the relatives meet her again where sickness and death are unknown.

Col. Henry I. Welcker died at the age of 80. He was a prominent and useful citizen, esteemed for his honesty, and by his industry became possessed of many comforts and luxuries, but all could not stay the hand of death. Again we are reminded of the Divine injunction: "Be ye also ready." His remains were interred at Kingston, with Masonic honors.

Rufus Wilson, of Loudon County, died suddenly of heart failure. He had been to the field directing some work, and on returning to the house fell dead. Thus a prominent citizen passed away.

Tobias Peters passed peacefully from this life April 14,

1900, aged 80 years. Through many trials and vicissitudes he marched to the eventide of life, basking in the mellow radiance of venerable old age. While in apprehension of speedy dissolution, he read his Testament nearly through. He was a useful citizen and faithful Christian.

John G. Bruce died October 13, 1891, yet their invalid mother remained to pray to God to bless and guide her eight fatherless children. Death soon came again, and on January 3, 1892, the mother died, when the younger children were cared for in the "Masonic Orphans' Home."

Maggie Burns Burkhalter died October 3, 1890. She was a Christian, and left bright hopes that she has gone to Heaven. When almost seized by the pangs of death, she tried to shout praises to the Redeemer and asked the friends who surrounded her to meet her in Heaven, exclaiming, "I am going to meet papà." After two years she was followed by her little daughter, Mamie Myrtle, of only four summers. She was stricken with diphtheria and lived only five days.

Oma Cormany, of Kingston, Tennessee, died July 21, 1900. She became a Christian in her thirteenth year, and had just passed her nineteenth birthday and seemed to be emerging into the zenith of Christian usefulness when the summons came. From the beginning of her Christian life she took up the cross and was a faithful worker and constant attendant upon religious services. Her influence for good survives her, and the world is better by her life — yet she was taken in the bloom of youth.

Mollie M. Lee died October 14, 1895, after having been a great sufferer for many months, when all the powers and talents of the most skilled physicians in Tennessee were exhausted in her behalf. She was born in Virginia, but her parents moved near Scarboro, Tennessee, where she died and was buried. She left this world in the full triumph of a living faith, having given her heart to God eleven years

before the close of her earthly life. She had been a student of Carson and Newman College, but graduated with honors at Sweetwater Seminary in May, 1890. She was industrious and accomplished, a successful and popular teacher who had an ambition to do all in her power for God and humanity. She never mourned nor complained, but endured her sufferings calmly, and regarded death as rest to her soul.

John Lee, son of Moses G. Lee, died in 1898, in his thirty-fifth year. While hauling baled hay piled so high that he was seated beyond the reach of the brake, in going down hill he was unable to check the momentum, and was pitched off between the wagon and horses, when two wheels of the wagon passed over his body, crushing and mangling him so that he died on the fourth day from the effects of the injuries.

Their father, Moses G. Lee, an aged and esteemed citizen, died in December, 1903, at his home, Scarboro, Tenn.

Mary W. Chrisenberry departed this life and entered into rest April 7, 1901, in her seventy-fifth year. From the cradle to the grave her life was one of continuous labor and arduous trials. Her husband preceded her twenty-seven years, and since his death she seemed more than ever devoted to her children, and we believe in the home of the soul is a rich reward for faithful and devoted Christian mothers. She had been a consistent member of the church for fifty-nine years, so we surely can trust such a one in the hands of a just and merciful God.

Annie Maude and Willie Chrisenberry were called Home in 1899.

"Two little angels now on high,
They hand in hand together roam,
Two links now bind us to the sky,
Two spirits beckon us to come."

August 16, 1902, after a long, painful illness, the soul of G. W. Carmichael passed into the great beyond. In

November, 1896, he had been for a week a penitent at the blood-bought mercy seat, when serene smiles of faith and hope beamed from his countenance and the faithful few realized that the services at the Chapel during unfavorable weather had not been in vain. All medical aid failed to give relief and his agonies were most pathetic during his last hours. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage.

In March, 1903, his widow, Mary Smith Carmichael died of pneumonia.

“ A motherless group, with aching hearts,
A new, fresh grief as each day departs;
Nothing remains save a deep, black pall
And mocking echoes through room and hall, —
Echoes of earth on a coffin-lid,
Thoughts of a face forever hid,
Shafts of pain that pierce and rend,
Sobbing farewells to their best friend.”

The old Carmichael home was noted for its hospitality, and the entertainment received there is gratefully remembered by friends and strangers. The older members of this family have passed from the trials into the rewards of Christian hospitality.

On July 14, 1893, while George and Charlie Shelton were heaping hay in a meadow with steel pitchforks, they were struck by lightning, which instantly killed the elder brother George, and felled the latter senseless to the ground, and he recovered and still lives. George, who received the fatal stroke, was noble and kind, and a useful member of the church and Sunday-school.

Lewis Smith was instantly killed by lightning while harvesting wheat in June, 1878.

Arthur Peak, aged 22, who had been working in a field in Gallaher's Bend, Clinch River, during an electric storm, was struck by a bolt of lightning and instantly killed, July 2,

1896. His mother, Lucy Gallaher Peak, died March 4, 1884, at Robertsville, Tenn.

Lieutenant Robert S. Triplett, of the Third Tennessee Volunteers, died in camp at Anniston, Ala., September 18, 1898, of meningitis. He was buried in the beautiful cemetery at Oliver Springs, Tenn., where his mother keeps his grave green and beautiful with flowers. A tablet to his memory is in the chapel of the Science Hall, University of Tennessee, where he was a cadet. He was a cousin of Adjutant-General Hannah, and exceedingly popular. He was only twenty-four years old, and his untimely death is lamented by all who knew him.

FAMILY REUNION.

By J. B. TADLOCK.

All gathered 'round the old homestead,
Where all had lived, but two were dead;
Children and grand, thirty, numbering all,
Upon old home and me did call.

Their pictures they had met to take,
Singing and merriment to make.
The artist here was on that day,
To show old home when far away.

The children passed the day in glee,
And happy, I was glad to see;
Blind on the paths they had to tread,
The thorns and griefs they did not dread.

But mother, sister, cold and dead,
Some gloomy thought around them spread;
They were not here to smile and kiss,
Oh! what a void at home to miss!

Strange mothers here may come and be,
But *mother* here you'll never see;
Yes, others soon this home will hold,
And in the grave, I'll soon be cold.

Harry Horatio

How strange to you this home will be,
 When *I* am *gone*, this change you'll see;
 Some lonely evening you'll pass by,
 And *have* a *lone* and *bitter* sigh.

Yes, *lovely* *home* and *fleeting* day,
 Like flying clouds, will pass away;
 And strangers' children here will sing,
 And carry water from the spring.

The stranger then the field will plow,
 Some other maid will milk the cow;
 You then may look the farm around —
 In all the fields *I'll not be found*.

You know not now how *you* will feel,
 Your heart will ache, while tear-drops steal;
 A long farewell you'll sigh and say,
 "Perhaps in Heaven we'll meet some day."

Swift passed the hours and soon the day,
 And *I* at home was left to stay;
 When all was o'er and all done,
 The sighing breeze and lingering sun,

Both seem a farewell hymn to sigh,
 And say that earthly joys soon must die;
 This shady home and leafy bower,
 Will leave me in some fleeting hour.

Robertsville, Tenn., July 10, 1894.

The author of this poem, John B. Tadlock, was called *Home* in September, 1903, and his relatives and friends realize the truths of the preceding verses.

A poem on the death of Willie Anna Keebler, written by her grandfather, J. B. Tadlock:

Father, mother, you need not cry,
 I'm gone to live in the *Home* on high;
 My grave with flowers *there* you spread,
 And left me with the lonely dead.

There flowers fade upon the tomb,
 But flowers *here* eternal bloom;
 Among *these* blooming fields I roam,
 And would not go back to your home.

Down *there* you say *our* streets are gold —
 The half of Heaven was never told;
 Diamonds and gold you prize *there*,
 Such dross we value *not here*.

Here I'm free from care and pain,
 Which never will reach my home again;
 No more I'll meet you at your home,
 But Heavenly streets we soon will roam.

I care not for your fading flowers,
 They pass within a fleeting hour;
 Your banks will break, your stores will burn,
 And earthly goods to dust will turn.

My body is sleeping in the tomb,
 No more I'll walk your halls and room;
 Cold snows and ice lay on my breast,
 But with my Saviour I'm at rest.

The thundering train can't wake my sleep,
 Nor stormy winds down mountains sweep;
 So farewell to father and mother!
 A sweet good-bye to sister and brother!

When God shall keep you *there* no more,
 I'll meet you at the Heavenly door;
 With longing eyes for you I'll wait,
 And lead you through the pearly gate.

In memory of Cora, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sevier
 Tadlock.

Our Cora's dead — a doleful sound,
 For her dear form lies under the ground.
 "In cold clay now my body lies,
 Till the last trump shall rock the skies,

My body here must lie in gloom.
 The owl at night scream o'er my tomb,
 The storms may rock the forest bough,
 The farmer o'er my breast may plough.

You ne'er will hear my bitter cry,
 The sun and moon shall sail the sky,
 And by your side I'll never stay,
 Nor shall I near your cottage play.

I heard the sigh, I saw the tear,
 Therefore I would not stay one year;
 I did not come on earth to stay,
 I dashed the bitter cup away.

Its bitter dregs I would not drink,
 So I stood on Jordan's brink;
 I saw your fields in green arrayed,
 But *very soon* I saw them fade.

The serpent hissed among your bowers,
 I saw the thorn among your flowers;
 My little cradle now is still,
 Which on earth I never shall fill.

Father, mother, do not weep,
 I'm only going Home to sleep;
 At Heaven's gate I'll take my stand,
 Hoping there to see you land."

— *J. B. Tadlock.*

In the Garden of Earth fair was growing
 A beautiful bud; when the frost
 Touched the petals, all radiant and glowing —
 The garden its treasure had lost.

Then the King of the country leaned over
 And caught the sweet rose to His breast;
 How soon shall its beauty recover
 In Elysian Isles of the Blest.

Child-nature, the purest, the rarest,
 Wherever on earth it is seen,
 The noblest, the brightest, the rarest,
 Are marks for Death's arrows so keen.

But she's left ev'ry sorrow behind her,
 Sweet Willie, so fair to our sight,
 The chains of earth's sin can not bind her —
 O, fortunate Seraph of Light!

Dear mother, so sorrowfully weeping,
 This message of love is for thee:
 Thy darling seems silently sleeping,
 Yet her spirit is gladsome and free.

The soul which was lent thee, not given,
 To its home with the angels has flown,
 For "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,"
 And God will take care of His own.

— *Mrs. A. B. Tadlock.*

George W. Hembree died of paralysis, February 10, 1900, aged 50 years. He never fully recovered from a stroke of paralysis first suffered by him in May, 1899. However, he had considerably improved, and hopes were entertained that he might possibly live for many years, but the dreaded malady renewed its attack, this time bringing death in its icy grip. Thus lay in the presence of loved ones the lifeless and manly form of the husband, father and friend. In a beautiful tribute to his memory, from East Fork Lodge, where he had been a Master Mason twenty years, we quote the following:

"The duty assigned to us is both pleasing and sad; pleasing in that we have an opportunity of presenting a *few* of the *many* virtues and good qualities of our departed brother, and sad in that he is no more with us, and that we shall never more hear from him words of admonition, warning and encouragement. The Grand Master has called our

brother from labor to rest; his work completed, his Sabbath of eternity has begun. Truly the bereaved ones may look back upon his life with real and affectionate pride; he was gentle, kind and amiable to a remarkable degree, winning the friendship and affection of all with whom he associated. Measured by the rules of Masonry, we do not hesitate to call our brother *great*. Masons ever rejoice in the elevated character of their members, and it is profoundly gratifying to them to be able to refer to such a man while living and say: 'He is one of us,' and when dead to refer to his life as an example, and enbalm his memory in our hearts. After the impressive ceremonies of our craft, his mortal remains were consigned to mother earth, to sleep that calm, sweet sleep which comes to those *only* who walk uprightly. There we leave him till his hope shall end in sweet fruition, and on the glorious morning of the resurrection his body rises *immortal* as his soul."

"The Lord's ways are not as our ways," and the dispensations of His providence are mysterious to us. One by one earth is made less desirable and Heaven more longed for. January 28, 1904, our esteemed and beloved physician, L. N. Hollaway, of Wheat, Tennessee, awoke in the presence of the King in the Holy City to sing the new song, never more to suffer pain or know sorrow. For more than a year he had been a great sufferer from rheumatism, but partially recovered, and hopes were entertained for complete restoration of his health. January 5, 1904, he was stricken with fever and became unconscious a few days before his death. There remain his wife, four daughters, one son, his aged mother, relatives and a host of friends to mourn their loss. He was a native of Rhea County, but practiced his profession for more than a quarter of a century in Roane County, where he has been instrumental in the Lord's service in comforting and restoring the sick and suffering. Dr.

Holloway walked "In His Steps," for he went about doing good, often exposing himself to unfavorable weather, that he might relieve pain and sickness. He who suffers for the good he does to others, and if it prove his death, is a hero indeed. The shadows make the sunlight brighter and more glorious, the frailties of the man exalt the perfections of God. We realize that perfection is never attained by frail humanity, for were man perfect our race would be a race of Gods. May his weeping relatives remember that death is the door which opens to us immortality, and is *not* the worst of all evils when it is an alleviation to mortals who are worn out with sufferings, and the physician of him whom medicine can not cure.

His wife is a most estimable woman, and by their united industry and perseverance, made their home one of happiness, comfort and hospitality. The sweetest consolation to the bereaved is, he not only laid up treasures on earth, but he laid up treasures in Heaven, whence came his beloved children, Maude Ethel and Benjamin, as ministering spirits, and accompanied his redeemed soul to Paradise. His life has been a blessing, and may his death be a solemn warning to all to be prepared to meet God in peace and join the ransomed spirits in the realms of eternal glory. He had been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for many years, and was buried with Masonic honors.

"He did not speak evil of men; if he had nothing good to say, he said nothing at all."

Successively for three years the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery was shaken by the storms of life, when three flowers were plucked to be transplanted into the Garden of Paradise.

"Sorrows brood upon blackened wing,
Death has come with his cruel sting;
Hearts are bleeding, pleading and crushed,
While rooms are darkened and voices hushed."

In his twenty-fourth year, September 12, 1900, John C. Montgomery died, after a brief illness.

Having passed her twentieth birthday, Elizabeth Montgomery died, September 23, 1901.

Just one year a bride, in her twenty-fourth year, on August 25, 1902, Annie Montgomery Russell exchanged her wedding garments for the robes of immortality.

These were three servants of God who were not ashamed to bear the yoke and acknowledge *Him* Master. Peace, love, patience and meekness characterized their spirits and their most expressive and beautiful qualities were their religious lives. Religion is everywhere essential to success in the home, store, bank, and in the great business affairs of the world. Having followed the Lord with incessant vigilance, undiminished devotion to duty, and unshaken faith, Death appeared to them young and beautiful, accompanied by the sweetest angels and glorified spirits, who bore them on their pinions to the beautiful Home above.

Tribute to Beulah Elizabeth, daughter of W. T. and Annie Russell: -

This lovely bud, so young and fair,
 Called hence by early doom,
 Just came to show how sweet a flower
 In paradise would bloom.

Ere sin could harm or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care,
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
 And bade it blossom there.

November 29, 1899, death invaded the home of Dr. R. P. Eaton and made the first break in the family circle by claiming his wife, after a painful suffering of nineteen weeks. Cornelia N. Eaton was 61 years of age, and had been a Christian since her girlhood. Her disposition was

as sweet as her character was strong. For the gentle influence and self-sacrifices of her life, her memory is cherished. She was one of nature's gentlewomen, noble in her impulses, democratic in her opinions, hospitable in her home, careful and frugal in the conduct of the household, which was an ideal one, made so by the reigning spirit of her self-control, her wonderful will-power and undaunted energy. Charitable in words and deeds, she was beloved of all, and many considered it a great pleasure to be a pensioner upon the store of her advice and direction. The hands that labored in industry and smoothed the wrinkles of care and anxiety with a loving touch are now cold and motionless, but the memory of her influence is a monument more enduring than marble, and like the circle of flowers that were deposited with her in the tomb, as sweet as it is endless.

The mother is gone, "the queen-chair is empty, and death overshadows the home. But through the gloom a radiance comes — 'tis a sun-burst from the crest of Golgotha, where the cross stands — an ever-directing sentinel pointing us to Heaven."

This is the land of the dying, so through death we enter the real land of the living. In November, 1902, Dr. A. C. Brasel, of Petros, died, after a brief illness of typhoid fever. He was a popular young physician, and the future seemed inviting for success in his profession, but he has gone where he knows more than ever of the science of health. His life was short, but a success, for he cultivated the spiritual as well as the material side of his being.

In January, 1892, in his sixty-fourth year, A. J. Burum died, at his home at Wheat, Tennessee. He was a devoted husband, kind father and obliging neighbor, preferring the happiness of others to his own. His family was the great object of his life, and for them he spent all his physical, intellectual and religious energies. He was a charter mem-

ber of East Fork Lodge, F. & A. M., and they prepared a beautiful tribute to his memory. His daughter, Alice, preceded him Home nine years, she being only twenty-five years old. His widow and younger children joined the older ones in California in October, 1892, where they all now reside.

Frank P. Burum died September 13, 1896, aged 34. He was the third of that family called Home to glory. He was converted and joined the church when quite young. His Christian experience was not always the brightest, yet he never denied the faith nor fell into doubt. Many months before his death he was greatly revived, and mingled his voice in the prayer and praise of God's people, and passed over the river in triumphant faith. Heaven has another attraction, and seems nearer and brighter than ever. While we mourn his death, we realize that Christ and His holy angels and the loved ones gone before welcomed him Home. May his two sons and all the relatives be encouraged to hope on.

One by one earth's ties were broken when Wm. Staples, Sr., Nannie Staples Carter and Elizabeth Bradley Staples followed each other after brief intervals. Death again entered the Staples mansion on January 30, 1896, when the young husband was robbed by the remorseless enemy of his companion, Blanche Cross Staples. Less than three years before she entered that home a beautiful bride, possessed of wealth, social honors and religious influence, yet her life seems prolonged by good deeds. She was a noble, queenly woman, descended from old Southern families, and with that gentle grace of the South, she was a faithful and earnest worker in her Master's vineyard. At Dossetts, near her father's home, she was the leader in the erection of the church on the hill where she sleeps. She regarded death as the crown of life, and her earnest prayers and exhortations are recalled by many. May Marguerite, her beloved

daughter, be often reminded of her saintly mother and imitate her example. She has since been joined by her babe, and mother, Mattie McClellan Cross, where they await the grand reunion in the Celestial City.

Mortal life is the vestibule of immortal life, and religion is necessary to train our souls for Heaven. They who early bow the knee and give their willing heart and service to the Lord possess imperishable riches. Lena Crawford Long triumphed in the thoughts of death, for she was prepared to meet that stern monarch of the grave. To her husband, children and friends the ordeal seems a grievous chastening, for "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." May the memory of her sweet influence inspire the husband and children to follow the footsteps of Jesus and meet their beloved, who with beckoning hands calls them to the Heavenly Home. She was a noble mother, and hoped against hope to remain with her three children and train their young lives for usefulness and Heaven, but God knew best, and took her to make the Eternal Home more attractive to them and melt the frigid splendor of the conventional heaven into a domestic scene. May the bereaved be often reminded that their departed loved one has not gone into silence and unconsciousness, and that she awaits them in a home of beautiful architecture and magnificent furnishings, and will return with the angels to comfort their dying hour and accompany them Home.

Her anxious husband employed the best medical aid, and she rallied strength sufficient to leave her home in Oliver Springs and go to Texas, where she remained awhile, thence they went to California, where she died, May 22, 1900, aged 34. Her spirit took its flight and all that re-

mained to mortal view was deposited beside the tomb of her father, W. H. Crawford, near the "Peaceful Ocean."

"If we entertain Christ in the person of His disciples in this world, when we pass up into the next country we shall meet Christ in a regal procession, and He will give us a share of the riches of Heaven and extend to us grand, glorious and eternal hospitalities. Those entertainments excel in grandeur and munificence any given by the kings and rulers of earth." Lena Long was charitable and hospitable, and her disposition was as sweet as her character was strong.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF W. H. CRAWFORD.

WHEREAS, The sad news of the sudden death of Rev. William H. Crawford, which occurred on the night of August 7, 1891, came on the wings of the lightning from the Occident; and

WHEREAS, We, his latest friends and neighbors for many years, acquainted with him in all the relations of life, believe it proper to bear testimony to our appreciation of the life, character and services of the great and good of earth, not only because it gives a sense of melancholy personal gratification and pleasure to us, but as an incentive to holy living for the young and rising generation, do hereby make this solemn declaration:

RESOLVED, By the Board of Trustees of Roane College, that as a man he was one of the noblest works of God. He was venerable and possessed of great wisdom, goodness and virtue; as a citizen he was loyal, law-abiding and liberty-loving; as a neighbor he was cheerful, charitable and hospitable; as a father he was patient, persistent and painstaking in the mental and moral training of his children; as a husband he was considerate, indulgent, affectionate, self-sacrificing, and his hearth was the home of every domestic virtue; as a teacher, he instructed not only by the grandest

precepts, but by the noblest examples; the thoughtless, the heedless and the lawless were awed into order by the majesty of his matchless love; as a Christian his life was an open epistle, to be read of all men. He obeyed the divine injunction by which to secure never-failing fullness: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." If any Christian grace more than another predominated his almost matchless character, it was that he relied with implicit confidence in, and proved this priceless promise, for *literally* he took no thought for tomorrow what he should eat, or wherewithal he should be clothed, though poor indeed in material things, most like his noble Master, the lowly Nazarene, "who had not where to lay his head," but better far than this he was rich in what the worthlessness of this world's wealth can never give — rich in grace, gentleness and goodness, which had grown to live forever in the garden of God. "A great man has this day fallen in Israel." His life to the home circle, to society, to the state, to the church, has been a priceless example. To his children his life and love and example are an heritage of honor and crown of glory forever.

REV. GEO. JONES, *President*.

W. T. GALLAHER, *Secretary*.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of East Fork Lodge No. 460, F. & A. M.:

Your committee appointed at the regular meeting in August, 1891, to draft suitable resolutions in regard to the death of W. H. Crawford, would respectfully submit the following report:

1. That we have not the language to express our feelings touching our regard to the hero, Rev. W. H. Crawford, who fell a victim to the ruthless hand of death August 5, 1891, on the fruitful soil of California, far away from his

earthly home, but close to the home to which he had long since been aspiring, and to which he had pointed a multitude of others — some who had passed him in the Lane of Life, and scores more to follow; in fact, the good influence will never cease.

Brother Crawford was a Mason in the fullest acceptation of the term; he possessed all those noble tenets that go to make up a Mason; he was charitable, truthful, benevolent, firm, and ever ready to relieve the distressed, which is so characteristic of our faithful craft. Such a life as Brother Crawford's was, will be greatly missed, and his place as a Mason, minister, Christian, father, husband, teacher and neighbor hard to fill. In fact, Brother Crawford possessed some of those noble tenets that few persons ever attain. Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That while Brother Crawford's membership was elsewhere, yet he often affiliated with us; was our brother in the mystic tie; was a member of the noble order; that we cherish the many pleasant visits and the wholesome instructions received from him.

RESOLVED, further, That while we realize that he will never more meet us around our sacred altar in the earthly Lodge, nor counsel us in Lodge assemblies, yet we rely on the promises of that Book that serves as a guide to our faith and practice, believing that while our force on earth is diminished, the number of the redeemed is swelled in the beautiful home of the soul, where all good Masons hope to meet by and by.

H. B. JONES,
M. R. RICHMOND,
L. N. HOLLOWAY,
Committee.

He was a graduate of Washington College, under old Professor Doak, and ordained a minister of the Cumberland

Presbyterian Church when only twenty years old, and for fifty years was engaged in educational and ministerial work in East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia. He was president of Roane College for twelve years, and one of his assistant teachers says he never heard him speak evil of anyone. He squared his acts before all men. He resigned this position in May, 1890, and went to California, where his weight changed from 125 to 175 pounds. He enjoyed fine health and spirits, and after arriving at manhood his life was singularly free from disease and infirmity.

In September, 1891, he contemplated returning to Tennessee, after Synod should meet in San Francisco. On Sunday, August 2, he preached in the morning, though feeling unwell. He attempted to preach again in the evening, but was so unwell he had to ask a minister who was present to conclude the service. He gradually improved until Wednesday the 5th, eating his accustomed meals and taking his usual exercise. While preparing for prayer meeting, one of the young men of the church suggested that as he had not entirely recovered perhaps he had better remain at home. This he finally did, and soon after prepared to retire to his bedroom up stairs. Going to his room he soon returned for some water, and pleasantly passing back through the house, bade the old folks good night and played with the children. Warm and full of the fellowship of man, he passed into the society of God his Father and Elder Brother. He went up to his room and began to prepare for the night's sleep — the temporary rest for the body; while doing so, alone with himself and God, he fell asleep until the morning of the first resurrection — the deep sleep of death! Next morning, as he came not to his meal, a messenger was sent to call him. He was found on the floor cold in death. He had not gone to bed. No noise had been heard. There was no evidence of a struggle. There the body lay, calm and serene, as if

he had wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lain down to pleasant dreams. He died of apoplexy. The remains were moved by loving hands from Newman to Winters, California, and buried in the lot of his son-in-law, Rev. H. C. Culton, in the cemetery there. After a toilsome, self-sacrificing, noble Christian life, he sleeps well.

Memorial services were held at Roane College, August 13, 1891. The usual emblems of mourning and beautiful flowers were in front of the altar, but the most touching emblem was the vacant chair and walking cane. It was a solemn occasion when five of his children, Rev. J. R. Crawford, James and W. B. Crawford, Mrs. W. L. Welcker and Mrs. J. B. Long, assembled with many friends to reverence his memory.

Rebecca Branson Douglas died August 13, 1895, aged 50. She was a most noble Christian woman, and throughout her life and in her last moments gave the most positive proof of the consolations of the Christian hope. "Mother" is a word that binds all in the ties of universal brotherhood.

Her husband, George W. Douglas, died October 18, 1900, aged 69. Five children — Mrs. Geo. H. French, Mrs. Albert Allen, DeKalb, Elbert and Daisy Douglas — survive them. Another veteran of the Civil War has passed away. He was the first lieutenant of Company G, of the Eighth Tennessee Infantry. His regiment saw much hard service, and Mr. Douglas was wounded thirteen times and lost a leg by the bursting of a shell near him, on August 6, 1864, at Utoy Creek, before Atlanta, Georgia. He was honorably discharged from service June 16, 1865, at Company Shops, North Carolina. He was prepared for the Grand Reunion in the Heavenly Home, and he sleeps in the National Cemetery, Knoxville.

With the words, "God is calling me," D. L. Moody passed to the higher life.

Sacred to the memory of Frank, son of W. H. and
Maggie Browder:

"I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on that same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
When the tale of her sorrow was told.

CHORUS:

But the Healer was there, who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to Heaven He had placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
'I love thee, I love thee! pass under the rod.'



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